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LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM SMITH, 113, FLEET STREET.

No. 70.]

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1840.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

NO. I.

No civilised country exhibits any public institution more suitable to the genius of its inhabitants than our PARLIAMENT is to our general natural character. It may perhaps be said that this character is, in fact, the result rather of our long-established customs (those customs being of course intimately connected with our old institutions), than of any inherent propensity in our dispositions. There is some weight, undoubtedly, in this remark. Nevertheless, we can trace, as far back as the light of history will permit, debating popular assemblies amongst our Saxon and other German ancestors; and whether the national character has been parent to the institution, or the institution to the character, at all events, it is manifest that the plant, when brought to this country, found here a most congenial soil, and that here it flourishes in all the perfection of which it is susceptible.

It is curious to observe the very slender progress which the parliamentary system has yet made in France, although, in fact, the existence of it in that country was coeval with our own, and derived in a great measure from the same sources. One reason for the difference of its fate there is this,—that in the early and middle ages the French popular institutions were localised—there were provincial and Parisian parliaments—no general, at least no powerful, permanent general assembly; the monarchs who found them inconvenient easily subdued them, therefore, in detail, and eventually converted them into mere courts for the registry of royal decrees. It was in this condition they existed anterior to the Revolution, and some of the earliest symptoms we can find, indicating the changes which were to produce that great epoch, are the attempts made by the Parliament of Paris to resume a portion of its ancient liberties. Those attempts were indeed put down, but not with the facility which marked the suppression of preceding similar efforts. The resistance of the members helped to diffuse a spirit through society, that of itself constituted no mean element in the caldron of discontent, which not long after boiled over on every side.

The multitudinous and stormy conventions brought forth by the Revolution at no period assumed a true parliamentary character. That character I take to be most accurately exhibited in a council of prudent men, each prepared to pay respect to the opinions which he hears, pleased to find those opinions freely and deliberately expressed, and resolved to deliver his own with equal manliness and candour, without desiring to dictate to others, and resisting any attempt that might be made to dictate to himself. Untrammelled discussion—unheated argument—discreet thought, guided by calm and unvacillating judgment, these are, or ought to be, the main features of a meeting of men summoned to consult together upon matters of national importance. A council of this description admits of true eloquence; that is, of soberly-flowing, sound common sense, clothed in suitable, clear, idiomatic, unstudied language. It discourages all appeals to the passions. Though pleased by those exertions of fancy, and those elegantly rounded phrases, in which rhetoricians indulge, for the sake of showing off their talents rather than for proving that they care about the practical consequences of the debate, with reference to its effect upon the welfare of the country; nevertheless a well-constituted house of parliament soon fixes such exhibitors

in their right places—places, that is, which in point of real influence, are by no means to be envied.

The flashy, frothy harangues of the revolutionary orators of France were necessarily evanescent in their character; the conventional assemblies never advanced towards a solid, well-organised council, and when the dictator appeared, he easily banished them from the arena. Napoleon, during his ascendancy, preserved, indeed, the forms of parliamentary institutions, and these were re-established at the restoration with some greater appearances of liberty, which approximated more closely to the system of our legislature. But the monarchy and the chambers have never yet worked well together:—they have been constantly like two ill-tempered mastiffs chained together, pulling different ways, and in that contention expending their best energies.

The French chamber of deputies is even now, after an experience of a quarter of a century, little more than an assembly of academicians. The members write their speeches beforehand, thereby showing that they do not come together to deliberate, to hear opinions, to discuss them on the spot, to allow influence to judicious suggestions, to modify their own views, and to extract from the collision of mind with mind the light that might lead to the right paths of conduct: no; not a thought of this kind enters the heads of these sage lawgivers! They produce their folios of manuscript, read their effusions from a pulpit, which they call the tribune, finish their lesson, then run back to their places, where they are congratulated by their friends, as schoolboys are after they have delivered themselves at an exhibition, of a poem or an oration got up for a prize. If what is called a "sensation" be produced by the said recited manuscript—then an interval follows, during which there arises a talking "row," not at all unlike that which takes place in a crowded school-room—when the master has left it for a few moments.

Such a chamber as this has no aptitude—indeed, no disposition—for legislation. The members infinitely prefer the excitement and intrigues for office. They have no settled rules of action, no strong combinations calculated to carry on the business of the country. The minister of the day—and never was the phrase more frequently appropriate than during the last ten years—can seldom depend upon the votes of those whom he supposes to be his friends. He is in a perpetual uncertainty, and often, when he least expects it, is left in a minority, which upsets all his policy.

It is the most difficult task which a sovereign has ever had to perform, to share the powers of government with a council like this. Properly speaking, according to the principles of the representative system, and the express terms of the charter, he ought to be subject to the control of the chamber, and to that of a cabinet possessing its confidence. But the chamber itself is a body endowed with no moral influence; it domineers over the cabinet by the mere force of numbers. A cabinet so subjugated can have no real influence which a sovereign could dread, and therefore he contemns it. We see here nothing whatever beyond the bare outward forms of our constitutional fabric: "the rest is but leather or prunello."

The Belgian, Spanish, Portuguese, and South American legislative chambers are very little better than those of France, in a constitutional point of view. Those of Holland and Hungary approach much nearer to ours. The senate and house of representatives constituting the congress of the United States possess too much

VOL. III.

Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

direct executive power to be compared with our parliament. But there is a good reason for this difference in their form of government, which is an unqualified democracy.

The growth of our legislature, from its first small beginnings to its present rank and power in the state, is in perfect keeping with the happy germination and eventual branching out of all our free institutions, from the primary notions of freedom cherished in the minds of our ancestors. The word "Parliament" does not appear to have been used in England until the reign of Henry III. It probably came to us from France. Indeed Johnson derives it from the French word "Parlement," which may have proceeded from *Parler la ment*—to speak one's mind; in the same way as "Testament," from *Testari mentem*—to attest the will or disposition. Or "ment" may have been added after the same fashion as we find it in engagement, impeachment, and other words in our language. One of the authorities seeking out an original etymology of his own, declared it to be composed of two words, viz., "Parium-Lamentum"—that is, the Lamentation of the Peers! "because" (as he thinks) "the peers of the realm did at these assemblies lament and complain each to the other of the enormities of the country." It is quaintly remarked by another commentator that this is indeed a *sad* etymology. The French derivation is probably the right one, for the word was applied to general assemblies of the states, under Louis VII. in France, about the middle of the twelfth century; and the first mention we find of it in our statute law is in the preamble to the statute of Westminster, 1.3 Edward I., A.D. 1272, the same year in which Henry III. died.

The assembly now described by this general term is the undoubted descendant of a general council, which, under various appellations in the different languages that have prevailed from age to age in this country, has met periodically from time immemorial to order the affairs of the kingdom, to amend old laws, and make new ones whenever they were required. How this council was originally constituted is a question not easily to be settled. It is enough for us to know that archbishops, bishops, abbots, earls, barons, knights, citizens, and burgesses, sat in the councils which were held in the reign of John. Neither is it very clear when or by what mode of proceeding it happened, that the council, which originally sat in one house together, separated into two, one being composed of the sovereign in his political capacity and the two first estates of his realm, viz., the lords spiritual and temporal; the other of the third estate—the knights, citizens, and burgesses, designated under the general term the "Commons," of the kingdom. The sovereign is supposed to be present in the house of lords whenever they sit, and it is in that house that he performs all legislative acts, either personally or through royal commissioners. It is there also he meets the commons whenever he wishes to address them, at the commencement or at the conclusion of a session, or at any other time. He alone has the power to summon, prorogue, or dissolve the parliament. Exceptions to these general observations have occurred in times of civil war, and violence, and usurpation on every side; but into those variations it is not necessary here to enter.

The house of lords, besides being a branch of the legislature, is the highest court of justice in the country, and this is a peculiar prerogative which it does not share with the house of commons. On the other hand the commons have claimed and maintained from time immemorial the privilege of taxation as their own, in which they do not allow the house of lords to participate in any manner, or under any pretext whatever. The slightest alteration by the lords in a money bill sent from the house of commons vitiates the whole proceeding. The bill must return again to the house of commons, where the alteration is expunged without any ceremony.

This fiscal privilege was by no means of the same degree of importance in the earlier ages of the constitution as it has been in these latter years, because so long as the sovereign had a large revenue of his own, he was in a great degree independent of the commons; but he is now entirely dependent upon them, as he has scarcely any income which he does not derive from their annual

vote. For although the amount of that income is determined at his accession, it is payable only by virtue of an annual vote of the commons.

The chairman of the house of lords is the lord high chancellor, or his deputy. His office, however, does not prevent him from addressing the house in his capacity as a member, whenever he may think fit. When he does so, he quits his seat on the woolsack, and uniformly addresses the house from the opposition side, a custom which probably has arisen from the fact that the episcopal benches are upon the ministerial side, and it would not be quite consistent with decorum to turn his back upon them. He sits upon a woolsack, as also do the judges when summoned to attend in the house. The reason is, that the throne is immediately behind the chancellor's seat; and an ordinary bench with a back to it like the others would not be consistent with the respect due to majesty. The other woolsacks for the judges have their origin in a similar cause with reference to the peers at each side of the house, as the judges sit in the middle of the house on each side of the chancellor.

The lords do not, when speaking, address their chairman as the commons address their speaker. The style of the former is "My Lords," not "My Lord." Indeed it would be very difficult to define the authority of the chairman of that house. It is his duty to put the question, and declare the sense of the house; but beyond that he seems to have no sort of control.

The house of commons consists of six hundred and fifty-eight members—knights, citizens, and burgesses; the knights being elected by the counties, the citizens and burgesses being chosen by cities, borough towns, and the three universities of the united kingdom. Writs or letters are issued out of chancery by advice of the privy council, addressed to the sheriffs of the counties, and to the mayors or other returning officers of the cities, boroughs, and universities, directing the returns to be made within a stated day. The house being constituted proceed to elect their speaker, whose nomination must be confirmed by the crown. The authority of the speaker is very extensive, although when in the chair he is precluded from addressing the house upon any matter under discussion, unless it involve questions of order, or of the law of the house. When the house is resolved into a committee—a proceeding which frequently takes place, for the purpose of discussing the details of bills with greater facility—the speaker then sits in his capacity of an ordinary member, and may use his privilege of speech as often as he thinks fit.

The speaker appoints all the officers of the house, consisting of the serjeant and deputy serjeant-at-arms, the clerks, messengers, porters, &c. The serjeant-at-arms, or his deputy, sits in an elevated chair near the bar; he is the executive officer of the house, being charged to put into force all written warrants or verbal orders issued by the speaker. By virtue of such orders or warrants he arrests members, or any other persons whom such mandates direct him to bring before the house; and they remain in his custody until he receives authority from the speaker for their liberation.

The privileges of each house of parliament are very extensive. They are the only institutions in this country whose power is not strictly defined by law. The prerogatives of the crown are very well known, and clearly defined either by prescription or by statute. But the authority of parliament is wholly uncontrolled. The power of the house of lords is in every respect as extensive for the maintenance of its privileges as that of the house of commons.

It is unquestionably for the benefit of the people that a member of the house of commons should possess full liberty of speech within the house, restricted by no regulation except that suggested by the ordinary sense of Christian charity, and the forms of civilised society. It is a curious fact, that when adventurous printers first published to the world speeches delivered in either house of parliament, they were severely punished for such acts, which were decided by both houses to be violations of their privileges; and that now the house of commons asserts as one of its highest privileges the right to publish, and sell to anybody who

chooses to buy, accounts of their votes and proceedings, as well as the reports of their committees; and that they claim exemption even from the law of libel in thus extending their liberties beyond the precincts of their own chamber.

The newspaper reporters, who dared scarcely to use a notebook in the gallery not many years since, have now a gallery exclusively to themselves, situated immediately behind and above the speaker's chair; and it may be truly said that it is to that gallery, not to the speaker, all speeches are now addressed. The style of address ought to be, if forms could be dispensed with, not "Mr. Speaker," but "Gentlemen of the Press." In the popular assemblies of Greece, Demosthenes, Æschines, and the other great orators of that age, always commenced their parliamentary speeches thus—"Athenians!" Our parliamentary debaters do, in fact, address themselves to the country, through the newspapers; and they might as well at once begin their harangues, after the Athenian style, by the word "Britons!"

We have, however, a particular national fondness for what are called "legal fictions;" that is to say, plausible phrases or forms, which cover with a decent veil principles deeply rooted in our constitution. It is the beauty of our system that by means of such fictions chiefly the whole machinery of our government works with the most admirable harmony. One of these fictions tells us, for instance, that those very reporters who, by their power of rapid noting and composition, give to the world in a legible state the whole of a long night's debate within two or three hours after that debate is closed, are nothing more or less than "strangers" in the house, who have no right to remember, much less to publish, any part of the speeches they have heard in their own gallery! Another fiction is this—that the house of lords has no right to know what has been said in the house of commons, and *vice versa*. They have a perfect right to know what has been done there, and they do know it, by means of the printed votes. But when a member of either house would wish to refer to a speech spoken in the other, he must not name the house, he must say, "in another place." There are no positive rules upon these points; but such rules are supposed or feigned to have been adopted at one time or another; and it is very certain that, ludicrous as they may appear upon a superficial view, they are attended with real advantages, for they help materially to preserve the privileges essential to the functions of both branches of the legislature.

It is very curious to trace the connexion of that dangerous fellow—the PRINTER—with parliament. The practice of printing and selling the votes of the house of commons commenced before the revolution, to a very partial extent. But not long after that period it was regularly established, and has since continued uninterrupted, except during a part of the year 1702. It was soon after resumed; and in 1723 we find that the well-known booksellers of that day, Jacob Tonson, Bernard Lintot, and William Taylor, though not in partnership, undertook (as members of the trade still frequently do) a joint venture in printing, publishing, and selling these votes, by appointment of the house. They were usually sold at two-pence each number, sometimes at a penny. From the year 1729 to 1777 they were printed and sold by J. Nichols, sen., and Mr. Bowyer, who accounted to the speaker for the profits, which generally averaged about 240*l.* a-year. It was by such sale that the votes were then in fact distributed; and the public had rarely any other regular reports of what passed in the house, except by means of these publications.

But in the year 1772, the proceedings of the house began to be noticed regularly in the newspapers, in consequence of which the profits arising from the sale of the votes rapidly declined. The printing of them, however, was continued at the expense of the treasury. In 1817 fresh regulations were made upon this subject, which have been continued down to the present day.

At first the matter of these publications consisted only of a mere abstract of the proceedings. In 1742 the abstract became more detailed, and petitions were entered at full length. But the latter gradually increased so much in number, that it was found necessary, when the new regulations of 1817 were made, to give mere

summaries of ordinary petitions, those only being printed at length which were specially ordered by the house. Since 1833, the practice of printing even abstracts of petitions in the votes or appendix has ceased altogether; and no petitions are now printed as a part of that publication. It is competent, however, to any member to move that a petition should be printed and delivered with the votes; and the house affirms or rejects the motion as it thinks fit.

The practice of the house, as to the printing, publishing, and selling the reports of committees, and other miscellaneous papers, has very much varied from time to time. From 1763 down to the present day, all documents printed by the house have been delivered gratuitously to members. Several officers of the house also received a certain number of those documents, by way of perquisites, which they sold (at rather high prices, however,) to any person who might choose to buy them. In a great majority of cases, any person interested in the report of a committee might get a written copy of it at the vote office by paying the regulated fees for it, unless it was the report of a secret committee. In 1835 a resolution was passed by the house of commons to the following effect: "That the parliamentary papers and reports printed for the use of the house should be rendered accessible to the public, by purchase, at the lowest price at which they can be furnished; and that a sufficient number of extra copies should be printed for that purpose." The object of this resolution was to defray a portion of the heavy expense of printing, and to put an end to the sale of papers by officers of the house for their own advantage, which had, in fact, to some of those officers become a lucrative and a very questionable species of trade.

With respect to petitions, although some are printed upon motion by order of the house, and delivered as a supplement to the votes as speedily as possible, the general rule now is to refer them, when laid upon the table, to a committee appointed for the purpose at the commencement of each session. Petitions relating to undue returns, or to private bills, are referred, the former to committees constituted by ballot, the latter to committees the members of which are selected. But the sessional committee above-mentioned is charged with the duty of classifying all other petitions (except those printed by special order), and of preparing such abstracts of the same as shall convey to the house all requisite information respecting their contents. These abstracts are reported to the house from time to time, together with the number of signatures to each petition. The committee has the power of directing the printing at full length of such petitions as may seem to require it. Thus an effectual check has been established with reference to the printing of petitions, which in former years was carried to a most extravagant extent. Cases are known in which several individuals, who wished to bring particular subjects before the notice of the public, have written pamphlets upon them, and to save themselves the expense of printing and publishing such pamphlets, converted them into petitions to the house of commons, and so had them printed and circulated at the expense of the treasury!

Another very material alteration with respect to petitions has taken place in the house of commons. Formerly a member, when presenting a petition, might make one speech on presenting, another in moving that it be laid on the table, and another on moving that it be printed. Now he is precluded from making a speech at any stage of the proceeding. He merely mentions the object of the document in as few words as possible. He may, with the permission of the house, have it printed, and subsequently found a motion upon it, if he thinks fit: and an excellent regulation this is, for it has stopped up one great channel through which much of the time of the house was most unnecessarily wasted, while it has by no means abridged the right of the people to make known their grievances to parliament. This regulation, however, has not yet been adopted by the house of lords, although the inconvenience of speaking upon the mere presentation of petitions has been acknowledged in that house on more than one occasion.

HORSES.

To form a proper idea of this noble and generous creature, we ought to see him in his native wilds, untamed and undisciplined by man. Wild horses are found in several parts of the old continent, and in the warm climates of Africa; but in his natural state he is a mild, inoffensive creature. In this state they live together in large herds of five or six hundred, and each of their companies is always furnished by faithful sentinels, who give notice of the least danger. Herds of wild horses are found in Turkey, China, and the Cape of Good Hope; but the most beautiful, generous, and swift of the kind are found in Arabia. The Arabs catch them in traps, and try their fleetness and strength by pursuing the ostrich; the Arabian horse being the only animal that can keep up with this bird. The Spanish genet is counted next in value to the Arabian barb; they are beautiful, but extremely small. The Italian horses are very fine large animals; the Danish horses are low and strong; the German horses are small; but the Dutch excel all others, except the English, for the draught. The race-horses of England possesses the greatest fleetness, and have run a mile in little more than a minute. The horse was entirely unknown in the new continent till introduced there by the Spaniards.—*From a Visit to the Farmhouse.*

THE PUBLIC OFFICE.

A SKETCH.

SOME snug billets about these establishments. Some nice little quiet pasturages where elderly gentlemen may graze undisturbed, and grow sleek and fat, and, finally, slip comfortably into their graves. But did the reader never observe that there exists a certain quiet, composed, but inveterate hatred between the subordinates in public offices; a cordial detestation of each other? The reader must have remarked it, we think, but whether he has or not, there can be no doubt of the fact, taken as a general one.

This mutual dislike, however, be it observed, is almost exclusively confined to the elderly clerks—to the hard-featured, cleanly little old gentleman with the bald head—to the round-faced old gentleman with the brown scratch wig—and to the long-faced old gentleman in the flaxen peruke. It is to these worthies, then, that the official sort of hatred of which we would speak is especially confined. At least, it is in their case alone that it assumes the ludicrous character under which we feel disposed to contemplate it. The younger clerks, if they entertain any grudge at each other, express it openly, which is in no way amusing; but the old boys carry it under a calm exterior, that when viewed aright renders it sufficiently comical.

With them it is a deep-seated but cold and passionless dislike, which no possible occurrence can ever remove, or even in the smallest degree abate. It is fixed and transfused into their system, and has become a part of their nature.

Yet the old boys never quarrel outright; never bully one another; never commit any overt act of hostility. Their warfare is conducted on a quiet, orderly principle—its existence being made manifest only by snappish queries and still more snappish answers.

It is seldom, however, that they speak to each other at all. Not oftener than they can possibly help. They will not open their lips to each other for weeks, if they can by any means avoid it.

Heaven knows what ails the old fellows at one another, what can be the cause of that mortal grudge and hatred that they entertain for each other. It is impossible to tell; for, in truth, they cannot tell themselves. They just hate one another; and that's all that can be said about it.

Yet they have been twenty years together, probably much longer: a circumstance, one would think, which should have inspired them with some liking for each other, if not positive regard. Quite the contrary, however. It has had the effect only of making them hate each other the more. The longer they have

been together the more cordial is their detestation of one another. This is almost invariably the case.

If you would have a little more amusement with the old gentlemen's antipathies than what is afforded by what may be called its official exhibition, take an opportunity of having a little private conversation with one of them, and turn that conversation on the subject of his colleagues; and if you manage the thing adroitly, you may calculate on being presented with a very full and very entertaining view of his hatred of his official brethren.

Begin with remarking how arduous his duties are. This is a favourite theme with all who are well paid and who have little or nothing to do—with all who hold snug sinecure situations. Never mind how glaringly inapplicable the remark may be: your sincerity will never be doubted for a moment; for the sinecureist always thinks himself one of the worst used, hardest wrought, and worst paid men in existence. He will, therefore, swallow your sympathy at once and without hesitation.

"Bless me, Mr. Wetherley, what a deal you have to do here."

With a faint smile of conscious martyrdom meekly borne, "Ah! my dear sir, you don't know the half of it. Toiled like a galley-slave, my dear sir. Not a moment to breathe. Half-past nine in the morning till half-past three, never an instant away from that desk. It would kill an elephant. If I hadn't the constitution of a horse I couldn't stand it."

"Your colleagues seem to take it easy enough, however. They don't seem to oppress themselves with work. Why don't they relieve you of part of the toil?"

"They:" pronounced in a tone of inexpressible contempt. "Ay, they certainly do take it easy enough. Were we all to do so I don't know what would become of the business. Not I, I'm sure."

"Yet that old gentleman at the upper end of the desk there seems to go through his work pretty cleverly."

"Humph! mere child's play, sir. I'd get a boy of twelve to do all that he does. Never here on any day till a quarter to ten, and away again as the clock strikes three. He takes it easy enough, to be sure. But it's the way everywhere; the willing horse gets the most work."

"He seems a pleasant old gentleman, too."

"Pleasant! Hah, I only wish you had a week of him, and you find out whether he's pleasant or not. Why, sir, there isn't, I will venture to say it, a more disobliging man in all Christendom than is Mr. Dickenson there. No, not one. Why, sir, it was but the other day that I asked him—and it was the first favour I had asked him for the last dozen years, for he had played me a trick of the same kind; so, you see, to tell you a secret, we don't exactly row in the same boat together.—I asked him, I say, the other day, to lend me his penknife a moment, as I had left my own at home; and what do you think he said? Why, he said he wouldn't; that he hadn't penknives to lend to everybody who chose to ask them. There's a pretty fellow for you. There's one to get on with, eh? That man, sir, wouldn't step an inch out of his way to oblige his father. That he wouldn't."

"Bad enough, bad enough, indeed, Mr. Wetherley. How then, do you get on with the other gentleman—the long-faced gentleman in the flaxen wig?"

"Six and half a dozen." Here a rapid series of significant words and very hard winks, meant to intimate to you that the elderly gentleman in the flaxen wig is no better than he should be. In discussing this colleague's character, however, there is an affectation of candour that is particularly amusing.

"Why, as to Mr. Waghorn, sir, I have nothing to say against Mr. Waghorn; nothing. And I suppose he has nothing to say against me. At least, I should fancy not. But some people have

queer ways of doing things, and do queer things, too, sometimes. They know themselves best what these things are. For my part, I say nothing about them. There's such a thing as underhand dealing in the world, however. I presume it can't be denied."

No. It certainly cannot. Neither can it be denied, we think, that Mr. Wetherley meant to insinuate that his colleague, Mr. Waghorn, was one of those underhand dealers, and therefore, not a man to ride the ford with. He, in fact, hates him; and that is the short and the long of it.

Now, the jest of all this is, that each of these worthy officials say precisely the same thing of each other. Mr. Dickenson speaks of Mr. Wetherley exactly as Mr. Wetherley has spoken of him. Mr. Waghorn, again, does the same thing. So there is no love lost between them. They all cordially hate and detest one another.

THE ISLAND OF CEYLON.

THE island of Ceylon is becoming, under the fostering care of British government, an important and valuable portion of our Eastern possessions. We have emancipated the natives from the degrading servitude of their chiefs, by which they had been ground to the earth; we have opened up roads through a country hitherto almost impassable; given to the people the benefits of an improved administration of justice; organised a police; established a savings' bank, which is resorted to with confidence; encouraged the internal improvement of the island; and otherwise helped, by an enlightened policy, to develop its physical resources, and promote the moral well-being of the inhabitants. If British rule had been always as beneficially exercised as it has been in Ceylon, the extension of our dominion in the East would be a blessing to humanity.

Major Forbes, of the 78th Highlanders, has just issued, in a couple of volumes, the knowledge acquired during "eleven years in Ceylon." The title of the book is given below*. We shall select from it some passages for the instruction and amusement of our readers, such as may serve to give them some idea both of the Major's book and of its subject.

"The beautiful scenery of Ceylon," says Major Forbes, "its mild climate, rich vegetation, and some of its valuable natural productions, have already been made known to the British public. The immense consequence of this island, from its position, and the harbour of Trinkomalee, could never have been overlooked; so long as the British crown holds sway in India, or British merchants shall trade to the East, its importance can hardly be overrated: now, however, not only are the resources of this country, its most remote valleys and elevated plains, better known to Europeans; but the history of its inhabitants and of the island, its former state and late improvement, equally excite curiosity and demand attention. From the native chronicles we find that the ancestors of a people whom Britons long regarded as savages, and for some time treated as slaves, existed as a numerous and comparatively civilised nation, at a period antecedent to the discovery of Great Britain and its semi-barbarous inhabitants.

"The ancient and continued annals of the Cingalese race have been preserved for upwards of twenty-three centuries, and describe the erection or formation of all those extensive works—cities, tanks, temples,—whose ruins and numerous inscriptions remain to verify the historical records. For a great proportion of that long period the natives of Ceylon will be found to have remained stationary, or to have retrograded in arts, perhaps in intelligence; whilst Britons, advancing in civilisation with extraordinary rapidity, benefiting by experience, and improving in policy, have voluntarily abandoned their arbitrary rule in the island, for a mild, free, but still efficient government. From this circumstance Ceylon is already advancing beyond that barrier of mediocrity which in Asia seems to have arrested mind and manners at a particular point of civilisation.

"Institutions suddenly yet not rashly reformed; direct taxes on cultivated land first moderated, then carefully arranged, fairly

levied, and finally redeemed; a whole people passing in an instant from a state worse than slavery to all the blessings of freedom, with perfect safety to the government, and incalculable benefit to the subject; a rapid improvement in the face of the country; a most beneficial change in the native character; generally diminished taxation; rapidly increasing revenue; a prosperous and happy people; and it is not too much to say an improved climate,—are the effects of the later years of British authority in Ceylon.

"Additional interest is given to the changes so happily introduced into this island, by its contiguity to the vast possessions of Great Britain in India; for although the same legislation that has proved so successful in Ceylon might be inapplicable to the neighbouring continent, yet the relative prosperity of their inhabitants cannot fail to provoke comparison, as it certainly invites inquiry.

"Another subject of very great interest is, the general introduction and rapid diffusion of the English language: this paves the way for Christianity, which it requires but little foresight to predict must gradually, perhaps rapidly, extend itself over the great majority of the natives of Ceylon."

Ceylon is in length 275 miles, with an average breadth of 100, and a superficial area of 25,000 square miles.

"Although the island is situated between six and ten degrees of north latitude, and between eighty and eighty-two degrees of east longitude, it enjoys a much more temperate climate than countries whose geographical position would be considered more favourable. From its size, the sea-breezes range across it; and the great elevation of the mountains not only insures a certain degree of cold, but attracts so many clouds and so much moisture as to insure the evergreen of its forests, and unceasing cultivation of the fields, over one half of the country."

Ceylon was known to the Greeks and Romans as a land of gold, precious stones, and spices. "Under the reign of Claudius," says Gibbon, "a freedman, who farmed the customs of the Red Sea, was accidentally driven by the winds upon its coasts; he conversed six months with the natives; and the king of Ceylon, who heard for the first time of the power and justice of Rome, was persuaded to send an embassy to the emperor." In modern times, the Portuguese were the first to attempt to secure the island. They landed in 1505, and for upwards of a century were almost continually at war with the native powers. The Dutch gradually supplanted, and finally expelled them in 1658. But the Dutch, though they remained a long time in Ceylon, and defeated an attempt of the French to supplant them, never obtained any permanent footing in the island; and were, in their turn, dispossessed by the British.

"In 1796, a British armament from the south of India, under the command of Colonel Stewart, took possession of all the towns and territory held by the Dutch in Ceylon, comprising the whole sea-coast, and a belt of unequal breadth all round the island: it is this territory which is usually denominated the Maritime Provinces. However able the arrangements or efficient the force, the warlike operations were not of a nature to excite interest or require detail; even Colombo, strongly fortified and fairly garrisoned, made no resistance.

"Ceylon remained for two years under the government of Madras, and during that short period some disturbances occurred, and considerable dissatisfaction was created by the employment of natives from the continent of India, in collecting the revenue and other duties, which, under the Portuguese and Dutch, had always been efficiently performed by the Cingalese headmen.

"In 1798, Ceylon was taken from under the authority of the East India Company; and the Honourable Frederick North arrived as governor.

For years our footing in Ceylon was precarious, and it cost the lives of hundreds of our troops, and thousands of the natives, in the contests which ensued. In 1815, Sir Robert Brownrigg, the governor, took the king of Kandy prisoner, dethroned him, or at least procured the native chiefs to do so, and to cause the Kandians to transfer their allegiance to the British government. But in 1817 the native chiefs broke out in insurrection, which for nearly a year proved extremely harassing.

"A protracted warfare of small military posts established throughout the country, and detached parties in continual motion, pursuing an armed population in a mountainous and wooded country, was naturally productive of considerable loss to the

* Eleven Years in Ceylon. Comprising Sketches of the Field Sports and Natural History of that Colony, and an Account of its History and Antiquities. By Major Forbes, 78th Highlanders. In two volumes, 8vo. Bentley, London. 1840.

British force; for, although few fell by the weapons of the Kandians, exposure and privations proved fatal to many. Driven from their villages, their cocoa-nut trees cut down, their property and crops destroyed, and unable to till their land, the natives suffered severely from sickness and famine, besides those who fell by the fire of the British troops, or suffered execution for their treasonable actions. Dr. Davy, who had the best opportunities of ascertaining the loss of life occasioned by this rebellion, estimates that of the British at one thousand; and I believe he certainly is not over the amount, when he says that ten thousand natives were cut off by war or its consequences at this period.

"After the rebellion had continued for nine months, no favourable impression had been made by the great exertions of our troops, who were nearly exhausted by incessant fatigue and extreme privations in a tropical climate; it is even understood that arrangements were in contemplation for withdrawing the British force from the interior, when a sudden change occurred. This was principally caused by disunion amongst the leaders of the rebels, who were incapable of continued perseverance in any one object, or of sacrificing their petty jealousies and personal disputes, even to forward a cause in which they had perilled their lives and hereditary properties; things almost equally dear to a Kandian chief."

The insurrection was at last put down; and "on the termination of hostilities and return to order, an entire change in the management of the Kandian provinces was accomplished. The paramount influence of the chiefs in the different districts was destroyed, by placing civilians, or British officers, in authority over them, to collect the revenue and administer justice; while all the inferior headmen, instead of being appointed annually by the chief, received their situations direct from government. This arrangement not only gave increased security to the government, but enabled the poor native suitor to obtain that justice which he had little chance of receiving under the former system, where money or influence might alike bias the judge or direct the evidence."

"We could not blame the chiefs if they had attempted to re-establish a native dynasty, which was hallowed in their eyes by its antiquity, and by conformity to the established religion; but to call their exertions in this rebellion patriotism would be to dignify it with a name of which their motives were unworthy. Self-interest, and to restore their own power over the mass of the people, whom they had so long oppressed, was their principal aim and final object: the restoration of a native monarchy was a secondary consideration, but a necessary step; the means by which they endeavoured to accomplish their purpose were often cruel, and generally treacherous."

"After the departure of Sir Robert Brownrigg, Sir Edward Barnes, who succeeded to the government, planned and superintended with unceasing vigilance the opening up of the Kandian provinces, by the formation of extensive carriage-roads, and building substantial bridges. Under him, the country derived all the benefit that could be produced by unrecompensed compulsory labour, which was exacted according to the customs of that despotism, to the powers of which the British government had succeeded. The untiring vigilance and personal activity which Sir Edward Barnes exerted in superintending public works alone caused so vicious a system to be of public benefit; under any man of less energy, unrecompensed compulsory labour would have been an unmitigated curse, enforcing caste, depopulating the country, and producing no adequate results. Each subdivision of class or caste was called out for service by its own headman, who, as he received no pay, depended for the amount of his perquisites and peculations on the number under him: it was therefore—a motive paramount to all others in natives—self-interest which insured the headman retaining all the members of his department in their original vocation and due subjection. Not only did this system maintain caste with the utmost strictness, but it retained and supported in full power over the people those headmen whose interests could never be otherwise than opposed to a regular government."

"It must also be considered that, without injustice to individuals, regularity of system, backed by power to enforce all legal rights, enabled the British government to exact much more, both of labour and revenue, than any native despot would have ventured to demand."

"In 1831, Sir Robert Wilmot Horton arrived as governor; and next year, in consequence of the report of his Majesty's commissioners of inquiry, the Magna Charta of Ceylon, the order of the king in council, abolishing all compulsory service, reached the

island, and the native inhabitants passed in a day from a state more bitter than slavery to the most perfect freedom. In their former oppressed state, it is true that justice was impartially administered to the rich and to the poor, in so far as the facts of the case could be ascertained; yet the rich man was disgusted by impartial conduct in the judges, while the poor suitors did not benefit by it; for the rich litigant could bribe the influential native in office, and he could command the oaths of those who, placed and secured under his control, were not only liable to be overworked by his orders, but were even subject to punishment by his caprice."

"A charter soon followed the abolition of forced labour, and the people, having already obtained freedom, now found easy access to substantial and speedy justice, whilst every situation was thrown open to their competition; and the acquirements and character of the individual, not the colour of his skin, became the only tests of fitness for every office. Three gentlemen, natives of Ceylon, were introduced into the legislative council on terms of perfect equality with the other unofficial members, although it required some firmness on the part of government to carry into effect this liberal provision of the supreme government."

Amongst the inhabitants of Ceylon, the Veddahs are remarkable.

"The Veddahs are an uncivilised race, thinly scattered over an extensive, unhealthy tract of country, lying between the maritime province of Batticaloe on the eastern coast and the Kandian hills. They are the descendants of Yakkas, the aboriginal inhabitants, who were in possession of the eastern part of Ceylon when Vigeya and his followers landed a.c. 543; and having then escaped from the fury of these invaders into the depths of the forest of Bintenne and Veddarratta, have there preserved the purity of their race and the superstitions of their ancestors. All Veddahs are considered to be of the Goyawanzae (the highest caste now existing in Ceylon); and such of them as I have seen do not in any respect differ from what other natives would become, if compelled to use the same exertions, to endure the same privations, and like them to live as wanderers in a forest-wilderness. The village Veddahs have permanent places of residence, cultivate small portions of land, and communicate, although they do not mix, with the other natives of the island. The forest Veddahs subsist by hunting, or on such fruit as the earth yields spontaneously; and they obtain arrow-blades, the only article of manufacture which they covet, through the intervention of their own headmen and their brethren of the villages. Their headmen—Kandians of the neighbouring districts,—in talking to Europeans, generally exaggerated the wild nature of the Veddahs; and never endeavoured to amend the habits, extend the comforts, or improve the appearance of these poor people. This is easily accounted for; the less civilised the Veddahs were, and the less they were known, the more easy it was for those in authority over them to impose on their credulity, and thus obtain for a trifle ivory and dried deer-flesh, the produce of their bows. This race has, perhaps, the scantiest measure of covering of any people who know the use of cloth, and pretend to wear it; their whole dress consisting of a small piece of cotton cloth depending in front from a string tied round the loins. The Veddahs have a curious way by themselves of preserving flesh: they cut a hollow tree, and put honey in it, and then fill it with flesh, and stop it up with clay, which lies for a reserve to eat in time of want."

"The Veddahs may more properly be termed rude than savage, being as free from ferocity as from any trace of civilisation. Their present state is an inheritance from their ancestors, who, driven by oppression and treachery into solitudes, had to suffer hardships, under which they retrograded to the condition in which we now find them, and in which they have continued for more than twenty centuries. I cannot in any other manner account for the extraordinary fact of a people declining into the lowest state of mental debasement, accompanied by the endurance of bodily hardship, and thus continuing for so many ages, although acknowledged to be equal in rank with the best of a comparatively civilised nation, in the midst of whom they lived, and with whom they possessed a common language. The cruel and perfidious conduct of the Singha race of conquerors naturally inspired the Yakkas with feelings of terror and distrust, which in after times were maintained in their descendants by continued acts of violence of the Cingalese towards the Veddahs."

"The different families of the forest Veddahs are said to preserve boundaries in the woods, and only within their respective limits to kill the game which is their principal food. Without any regular religion, the Veddahs—like every other untutored race—

feel the force of an invisible and superior Power, which evinces its influence by undefined terrors, and the consequent belief and worship of evil spirits; they also make offerings to the shades of departed ancestors, and to figures temporarily prepared to represent the controlling spirit of some planet which they believe to exercise an influence over their fate.

"During the Kandian dynasty, the Veddahs paid tribute in wax and elephants' tusks, and obeyed headmen from the adjacent districts; afterwards, by the influence of these persons, they were led, in 1817, to join the rebellion raised against the British government. The weapons they use are clubs, and bows with arrows, the blades of which vary in length from four to fifteen inches: it is with these long-bladed arrows and wretched bows that Veddahs kill elephants, not by striking in the foot, as was commonly believed, but by creeping close up to the animal and shooting to the heart. Should the elephant have escaped receiving a mortal wound, the hunters follow his track, and persevere until he falls exhausted, or by a fresh attack; when, in addition to the ivory, they recover their arrows. Activity saves them from danger in this pursuit; and so cautious and stealthy is their pace, that they seldom startle any game which it is their object to approach: from this cause the Cingalese have obtained the belief that no wild animal will fly from a forest Veddah."

"In January, 1834, after a continued residence of nearly six years in the Kandian country, I revisited Colombo, on my way to examine the ruins of Magam, and other remains of antiquity in the maritime provinces of the south and south-west parts of the island. On again entering the fort, the first impressions excited by its appearance on my landing from Europe were vividly recalled—particularly the delight I felt on seeing its lines of Suriya trees. Ever green, and always in flower, they produce a cheering effect and pleasing shade, with which I was the more charmed as I had suffered several months of sea-sickness; and the only other tropical country I had seen was that glowing heap of sand and cinders, St. Jago, in the Cape de Verd Islands.

"From long residence amongst the Kandians, and from being accustomed to their complexions, I was led to contrast their uniformity of colour, features, and dress, with the endless variety of hue, countenance, and clothing of the people of the maritime provinces near Colombo. They are seen of every shade, from deadly white to burnished black: those who are of Cingalese blood, free from exotic mixture, have the most pleasing colour; while the slightest mixture of native blood with European can never be eradicated, and in some cases seems to go on darkening in each succeeding generation, until—as in many of the Portuguese descendants—we find European features with jet black complexions. The Dutch descendants, with native blood, are now undergoing the blackening process, although in general they have only reached as far as a dark and dingy yellow. At the same time, it may be doubtful whether the sickly white of long-resident Europeans is not more disagreeable to the eye than any of the various shades of black or brown. To avoid the inroads of white ants, chests, cabinets, every kind of furniture which in cold climates have their station on the floor, are here seen mounted upon stilts; these, being formed of yellow jackwood, occasionally produce a ludicrous resemblance between the inanimate articles and the easily decomposed, thoroughly unsettled, thin-legged, long-bodied, dingy-coloured, climate-worn European.

"The harbour of Colombo is only capable of receiving very small vessels; and the road where the large ships cast anchor, at upwards of a mile from the shore, is exposed to the south-west monsoon. The fort of Colombo was commenced in 1518 by the Portuguese; but its present extent and strength have been gradually accomplished by them and their successors the Dutch, whose predilection for fortifications causes the principal towns on the sea-coast of Ceylon to be uncomfortable places of residence, from their being surrounded with walls that exclude the sea-breeze. While carrying on some repairs near the Battenburgh bastion, the labourers discovered a large stone, on which was an inscription, signifying that beneath it were deposited the mortal remains of Juaz Monteiro, of Setwelo, the first confirmed vicar and primate of Ceylon, who died A.D. 1536.

"Those persons, particularly Europeans of temperate habits, who reside in the maritime provinces of the south-west of the island, the towns of Colombo and Galle inclusive, are probably less liable to sickness than in any other part of the world; but it has too high a temperature and too moist a climate for longevity; and I believe there are more instances of extreme old age to be found in the vicissitudes of the Kandian climate than in the monotonous languor of the maritime provinces.

"The cinnamon gardens near Colombo are merely plantations of that valuable shrub, extending over several thousand acres of sandy soil, resting in some places on black moss. Although the roads by which these plantations are intersected afford pleasant and retired drives, from which in some places there are distant views of Adam's Peak and the Kandian mountains, yet the grounds have no great pretensions to beauty; and neither from the manner in which they are laid out, nor the condition in which they are kept, is the appellation of gardens applicable to these plantations. Their general appearance is that of a copse, with laurel leaves and stems about the thickness of hazel; occasionally a plant may be seen, which, having been allowed to grow for seed, has attained a height of forty or fifty feet, with a trunk of eighteen inches in diameter. There are also jamba, cashew-nut, bread-fruit, and other trees interspersed; and these, with the cocoa-nut trees that rise beyond the limits, in some measure relieve the sameness of an extended copse-wood."

"From Colombo I returned to Kandy by the mail-coach, and remarked the immense improvement that had taken place in the face of the country near the great road which was opened under the government of Sir Edward Barnes. When I first visited Kandy, in 1828, this line was unfinished; and the numerous obstacles which had been overcome, or were in progress of removal, could not be overlooked: the rock which had been blasted, the embankments that had been raised, were then bare; and the forests through which we passed showed how much of energy and perseverance was required to trace the road which was then forming. Now these obstacles would hardly be credited by any one who had not previously seen the country; for the shattered rocks and huge embankments were overgrown with vegetation, and the dense forest had almost disappeared from the vicinity of the road."

"The religion of Ceylon is properly that of Gautama Buddha; but his moral system is there found to be conjoined with the ancient superstitions of the aboriginal inhabitants, who never entirely abandoned the adoration of gods, demi-gods, devils, ancestors, and planets. Although demon-worship is repugnant to the doctrine of Buddha, yet its unhallowed rites were always maintained either openly or in secret: it is probably in consequence of the decline of Buddhism that the devils' priests have become more audacious, and that of late their ceremonies have increased in favour with the Kandian people."

Here we conclude at present, but shall return to Major Forbes' book again, and make some selections from his adventures with elephants, and other "large" deer, which may prove more interesting to some of our readers than what we have given.

EARLY AND IMPROVIDENT MARRIAGES.

It is not improbable that Swift's objection to early and improvident marriages originated in the consciousness that his dependent and miserable childhood was the fruit of such an alliance; his habits of strict economy, too, may have contributed to strengthen his resolution. It is recorded of him that in after-life he once inculcated this precept in a manner worthy of remark. We transcribe the anecdote as we find it.—"A young clergyman, the son of a bishop in Ireland, having married without the knowledge of his friends, it gave umbrage to his family, and his father refused to see him. The dean, being in company with him some time after, said he would tell him a story: 'When I was a school-boy at Kilkenny, and in the lower form, I longed very much to have a horse of my own to ride on. One day I saw a poor man leading a very mangy lean horse out of the town, to kill him for the skin. I asked the man if he would sell him, which he readily consented to, upon my offering him somewhat more than the price of the hide, which was all the money I had in the world. I immediately got on him, to the great envy of some of my school-fellows, and to the ridicule of others, and rode him about the town. The horse soon tired and laid down. As I had no stable to put him into, nor any money to pay for his sustenance, I began to find out what a foolish bargain I had made, and cried heartily at the loss of my cash; but the horse dying soon after upon the spot gave me some relief.' To this the young clergyman answered, 'Sir, your story is very good, and applicable to my case; I own I deserve such a rebuke;' and then burst into a flood of tears. The dean made no reply, but went the next day to the lord lieutenant, and prevailed on him to give the young gentleman a small living, then vacant, for his immediate support; and not long after brought about a reconciliation between the father and him."—*Dublin University Magazine.*

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

NO. I.—ARE THE INDIANS CAPABLE OF CIVILISATION?

It is received almost as an axiom by far too many of those who enjoy the blessings of civilisation, that the red man cannot exist with the white man—that it is useless to seek to alter his wild condition, for attempts at civilisation only serve to degrade instead of elevating his character. Therefore it is argued the Indians must of necessity be driven beyond the pale of civilisation; for it is impossible to permit a wild country to be surrounded with cultivated settlements, and stand as it were an impediment to the convenience and improvement of all its neighbours. Assuming the fact that the Indians are incapable of civilisation, both the American and English governments have, whenever it has become necessary to assign new locations within their own boundary to Indians, clogged the lands with a condition that the proprietors should not dispose of any portion of it (except among themselves, and this has not always been permitted), without the sanction of the government. In other cases the right of pre-emption is claimed, and (by the Americans) very frequently enforced; the reason assigned for this line of conduct is, that it would be dangerous for a savage race of hunters to be confined within too small a space, which would probably be the case if they were permitted to dispose of their lands, and, accordingly, their masters take very good care they shall not. This effectually deprives the Indians of any incentive to change their mode of life, and as settlers press on their confines, it becomes necessary for the security and prosperity of the whites, to push the Indians further "west;" constant collisions are taking place between the contending parties, and the Indians perish by detail. There is enough in the history of their misfortunes, to make those who have intercourse with the whites feel themselves degraded, without the aid of whiskey, which, however, is actively employed to sink them lower still. Nor is an appeal to arms at all uncommon when the savages are restive, and unreasonably reluctant to leave their native homes. At the moment we write the United States are at war with the tribe of Seminoles. The republican general refused to march unless he was allowed to employ bloodhounds to hunt them down; and a supply of these ferocious beasts had just arrived at the date of the last American despatches.

The same course is pursued against the Indians in South America. When Mr. Darwin, the accomplished naturalist who accompanied Capt. Fitzroy in the *Beagle*, was in Buenos Ayres in August 1833, some Indians, who had been taken prisoners, gave information of a tribe living north of the Colorado. Two hundred soldiers were sent. The Indians, men, women, and children, were about one hundred and ten in number, and they were nearly all taken or killed, for the soldiers sabre every man. All the women above twenty are massacred in cold blood, and the children are sold or given away as servants. "These Indians," says Mr. Darwin, "came from Salta, a distance in a straight line of nearly a thousand miles. This gives one a grand idea of the immense territory over which the Indians roam. Yet, great as it is, I think there will not, in another half century, be a wild Indian northward of the Rio Negro. The warfare is too bloody to last; the Christians killing every Indian, and the Indians doing the same by the Christians. It is melancholy to trace how the Indians have given way before the Spanish invaders. Scherdel* says, that in 1535, when Buenos Ayres was founded, there were villages containing two and three thousand inhabitants. Even in Falkner's time (1750) the Indians made inroads as far as Lucan, Arecoo, and Arceife; but now they are driven beyond the

Salado. Not only have whole tribes been totally exterminated, but the remaining Indians have become more barbarous: instead of living in large villages, and being employed in the arts of fishing, as well as of the chase, they now wander about the open plains, without home or fixed occupation."

They fare better in Canada; they are not so much in the way, but they are kept as it were in a state of pupillage, and the operation of the system we have described causes them to continue a burden to the government, by whom a considerable sum is annually devoted to presents and pensions to Indians, who, under a different system, might have enriched instead of impoverishing the state. It may be objected that no other system could be adopted, and that whites and Indians could not be mixed up together on the same lands, unless the latter submitted themselves entirely to the laws and government of England. There is but little force in the objection; for, were the Indians encouraged to become an agricultural people, they would, we believe, be eager to seek the protection of the laws.

It is melancholy to consider, that the war which gave independence to the United States was one of the chief causes of the ruin of the Indian tribes. Previous to that period, many of them had cultivated their lands to a great extent, and had thus laid a foundation for their ultimate civilisation. To show the extent to which they had carried their improvements, we will describe the condition in which the Americans, on different occasions, found the Indian lands and villages they went to ravage. Alas! how different were they when the spoiler left them! In 1779, it was determined by the Americans to make a serious attack upon the Indians. An expedition was accordingly despatched, under General Sullivan, against the Senecas and Cayugas, members of the "Six Nations," who were particularly distinguished among all their brethren for advancement in the social relations of life. After a well-fought battle, which took place at Newtown, now Elmira, near the Chemung river, the Indians were obliged to make a precipitate retreat, and the enemy marched forward to the work of destruction. "I apprehend," says Mr. Stone, in his *Life of Brant*, a book we have before had occasion to notice*, "that but few of the present generation are thoroughly aware of the advances which the Indians, in the wide and beautiful country of the Cayugas and Senecas, had made in the march of civilisation. They had several towns, and many large villages, laid out with a considerable degree of regularity. They had framed houses, some of them well finished, having chimneys, and painted; they had broad and productive fields; and, in addition to abundance of apples, were in the enjoyment of the pear, and the still more delicious peach†. But after the battle of Newtown, terror led the van of the invader, whose approach was heralded by watchmen stationed upon every height, and desolation followed weeping in his train. The Indians everywhere fled as Sullivan advanced, and the whole country was swept as with the besom of destruction." After destroying "a small settlement of eight houses,"—"the more considerable town of Kendaia, containing about twenty houses, neatly built, and well finished,"—"the Seneca capital, Kanadaseagea, containing about sixty houses, with gardens and numerous orchards of apple and peach-trees,"—"Kanandaigua," where they "found twenty-three very elegant houses, mostly framed, and in general large‡," and several smaller places; and every corn-field and fruit-tree in the country,—they moved forward towards the towns upon the Genesee. The Indians made an ineffectual attempt to stop them on their march, but were forced again to retire, and the work of destruction went on. "The valley of the Genesee," says Mr.

* In No. 63, "Adventures of Joseph Sammons."

† The fruit-trees were all destroyed by special orders.

‡ General Sullivan's official account.

* Purchas's Collection of Voyages.

Stone, "for its beauty and fertility, was beheld by the army of Sullivan with astonishment and delight. Though an Indian country, and peopled only by the wild men of the woods, its rich intervals presented the appearance of long cultivation, and were then smiling on their harvests of ripening corn. Indeed, the Indians themselves professed not to know when or by whom the lands upon that stream were first brought into cultivation. Nearly half a century before, Mary Jemison (a white woman who had been taken captive, in 1755, by the Indians, and was bred up and married amongst them) had observed a quantity of human bones washed down from one of the banks of the river, which the Indians held were not the remains of their own people*, but of a different race of men who had once possessed that country. The Indians, they contended, had never buried their dead in such a situation. Be all this, however, as it may, instead of a howling wilderness, Sullivan and his troops found the Genesee flats and many other districts of the country resembling much more the orchards and farms and gardens of civilised life. But all was now doomed to speedy devastation. The Genesee castle was destroyed. The troops scoured the whole region round about, and burned and destroyed everything that came in their way. The town was burned to the ground; and large quantities of corn, which the people had laid up in store, were destroyed by being burned or thrown into the river. 'The town of Genesee,' said General Sullivan, in his account of the expedition, 'contained one hundred and twenty-eight houses, mostly large, and very elegant†. It was beautifully situated, almost encircled with a clear flat, extending a number of miles; over which extensive fields of corn were waving, together with every kind of vegetable that could be conceived. But the entire army was immediately engaged in destroying it; and the axe and the torch soon transformed the whole of that beautiful region from the character of a garden to a scene of drear and sickening desolation. Forty Indian towns, the largest containing one hundred and twenty-eight houses, were destroyed. Corn, gathered and ungathered, to the amount of one hundred and sixty thousand bushels, shared the same fate; their fruit-trees were cut down; and the Indians were hunted like wild beasts, till neither house, nor fruit-tree, nor field of corn, nor inhabitant, remained in the whole country.' The gardens were enriched with great quantities of useful vegetables of different kinds. The size of the corn-fields, as well as the high degree of cultivation in which they were kept, excited wonder; and the ears of corn were so remarkably large, that many of them measured twenty-two inches in length. So numerous were the fruit-trees, that in one orchard they cut down fifteen hundred."

One of the blackest transactions that took place during the whole contest was the slaughter of the Moravian Indians settled on the banks of the Muskingum. The Moravians had made many converts, and among others a celebrated Delaware chief, who had formerly been a noted warrior; they had several towns, and cultivated a large extent of country. Their religious principles forbidding them to take up arms, they professed a strict neutrality, and were consequently suspected by both parties; especially as their settlements lay about half-way between the frontier whites and the hostile Indians on the lakes. At length, the British governor forced them to remove to Sandusky, on lake Erie, a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles, leaving behind them valuable standing crops, and considerable stores of corn and provision. They passed a wretched winter at Sandusky, being almost famished. In the spring, they obtained permission to return for the purpose of collecting their property, when, the very day they had completed the task and were preparing to return, they were surprised by a party of Americans, who were out in pursuit of some hostile Indians who had been hovering in the neighbourhood. These scoundrels, fearing to make an open attack lest

their prey, who were scattered over the fields, should escape them, professed the greatest friendship, and pretended they were sent to convey them to Pittsburgh, where they would receive effectual aid from their brethren at Bethlehem. So speciously did the murderers talk, even going the length of affecting the greatest piety, that their victims were completely deceived. Their arms and instruments of labour were all delivered up to be conveyed with the other baggage—the whole population was gathered together in one house, and when there was no longer any possibility of resistance, these unoffending victims were butchered in cold blood, only two boys (one of whom was scalped, but saved himself by counterfeiting death) escaping. "Ninety Indians," says Mr. Stone, "Christians, and unarmed—unoffending in every respect—were murdered in cold blood. Among them were old men and matrons—young men and maidens, and infants at their mothers' breasts. Sixty-two of the number were grown persons, of whom one-third were women, and the remaining thirty-four were children. Five of the slain were assistant teachers, two of whom had been exemplary members of the pious Brainard's congregation in New Jersey. The convert chief, Isaac Glickhickan, was also among the slain."

Few acts of atrocity can parallel this enormity, yet, as the sufferers were "only Indians," the perpetrators obtained exceeding honour and glory.

Many other settlements of the Indians, distinguished by every appearance of successful industry, were destroyed during the war; but the peace between Britain and the United States brought no peace to them.

After the conclusion of the war of Independence, a dispute arose between the United States and the Indians respecting the claim of the former to territory beyond the Ohio. This the States at first attempted to enforce by arms, but after encountering a signal defeat in the Miami country, which they had invaded with the view of destroying the villages, they had recourse to diplomacy. The territory in dispute at this time* had confessedly never been sold to the British, and although many settlers had "squatted" upon it, and had received titles from the States, they were not yet justified in laying claim to it under their treaty with Great Britain as a British possession. They seemed well aware of this when, at a grand council of all the nations concerned in the question, they remarked the impracticability of breaking up the settlements on the disputed territory, and offered a large sum of money for a confirmation of their claim. The answer of the Indians was singularly shrewd; part of it ran thus. "BROTHERS—Money to us is of no value, and to most of us unknown; and as no consideration whatever can induce us to sell our lands, on which we get sustenance for our women and children, we hope we may be allowed to point out a mode by which your settlers may be easily removed, and a peace thereby obtained.—BROTHERS—We know that these settlers are poor, or they never would have ventured to live in a country which has been in continual trouble ever since they crossed the Ohio. Divide, therefore, this large sum of money which you have offered to us among these people; give to each also a proportion of what you say you would give us annually, over and above this large sum of money; and we are persuaded they would most readily accept of it in lieu of the lands you sold to them. If you add also the great sums you must expend in raising and paying armies with a view to force us to yield up our country, you will certainly have more than sufficient for the purposes of repaying these settlers for all their labour and improvements." And then they proceed in a strain of noble indignation. "BROTHERS—You have talked to us about concessions. It appears strange that you expect any from us, who have only been defending our just rights against your invasions. We want peace. Restore to us our country, and we shall be enemies no longer. BROTHERS—You make one concession to us by offering to us your money, and another by having agreed to do us justice, after having long and injuriously withheld it; we mean, in the acknowledgment you have now made that the king of England never did, nor ever had a right to give you our country by the treaty of peace. And you want to make this act of common justice a great part of your concession,

* We shall have occasion to refer to this curious fact when we come to consider the various accounts of the peopling of America.

† It is not easy to understand what meaning General Sullivan attached to the word elegant, which seems to have been a favourite of his. At the battle of Newtown he declared the cannonading to be "elegant."

* Its extent is marked on Cary's maps of 1807, as the boundary line of General Wayne's treaty of 1795.

and seem to expect that, because you have at last acknowledged our independence, we should, for such a favour, surrender to you our country."

After various attempts at negotiation, during which the Indians pertinaciously adhered to their determination of admitting no boundary but the Ohio, General Wayne was dispatched into the devoted Miami country, and, after defeating the Indians in a regular action, proceeded to lay everything waste. "The very extensive and highly cultivated fields and gardens showed the work of many hands. The margins of those beautiful rivers, the Miamis of the lakes, and the Au Glaize," wrote General Wayne, "appeared like one continued village for many miles; nor have I ever before beheld such immense fields of corn in any part of America, from Canada to Florida." All were laid waste for twenty miles on each side of the river, and forts erected to prevent the return of the Indians. This event ended the Indian war. A satisfactory treaty was negotiated between the United States and the British Court, and the latter had no longer any motive to give the covert support they had hitherto afforded the Indians in their contest. The consequence was, that a peace was concluded with the Indians, by which the Americans gained a vast accession of territory.

If we wanted further proof of the extent to which the Indians are—perhaps we should now say, have been—inclined to carry civilisation among themselves, we have only to recall the condition of Mexico at the period of the Spanish invasion. Inhabited by a race without doubt closely allied to the North American Indians of the present day, it possessed a regular government, laws, and even more, a literature. "What an immense treasure," remarked the celebrated historian Niebuhr, "for the history of civilisation, has been lost for ever by the order of the first bishop in Mexico, to burn the whole native literature! Perhaps a greater one than by Omar's conflagration. No greater loss has ever happened."

These instances are sufficient to prove that the Indians are perfectly capable of civilisation, and we cannot help believing that even yet they may, by proper means, be brought within the pale of society. But the great barrier which, ever since the arrival of the pale faces, has checked the progress of their red brethren, has been the reluctance of the former to acknowledge the relationship. Very pious well-meaning men have entertained the opinion that all "savages" are of a distinct and inferior race to whites, and that it would be absurd to treat them as upon an equal footing. Thus they have been used as tools, or tutored as children, but never trusted and confided in as men and equals. This opinion has of course been carried to excess by many; and even at the present day the life of an Indian is rated as little better than that of a dog. After the close of the War of Independence, and that with the Indians, the celebrated Indian leader Captain Brant*, who had taken an active part in both, paid a friendly visit to New York, where he was known and respected by many of the most distinguished citizens. He had received information that a German named Dygert, who had lost several relations in a battle in which Brant had been engaged, had sworn to take his life, and had followed him to New York. "Brant's lodgings were in Broadway, where he was visited, among others, by Col. Willet and Col. Morgan Lewis, both of whom he had met in the field of battle in years gone by. While in conversation with these gentlemen, he mentioned the circumstance of Dygert's pursuit, and expressed some apprehensions at the result, should he be attacked unawares. Before his remarks were concluded, glancing his quick eye to the window, he exclaimed, 'There is Dygert now!' True enough; the fellow was then standing in the street, watching the motions of his intended victim. Col. Willet immediately descended into the street, and entered into a conversation with Dygert, charging his real business upon him, which he did not deny. 'Do you know,' asked Willet, 'that if you kill that savage you will be hanged?' 'Who,' replied the astonished German, 'will hang me for killing an Indian?' When, however, it was made clear to him that such would really be the case, he thought it best to forego his purpose. Mr. Stone relates several other similar anecdotes.

The same feeling unfortunately exists with us in regard to the unhappy people of Africa, and the consequence is, that the Caffres, an untutored race certainly, but a people possessed of many very noble and excellent qualities, are, instead of being taken by the hand as friends, and encouraged to participate in the advantages of a settled government (not as pupils, children, or dependants, but as equals), being driven to destruction at the point of the bayonet.

The feelings of the whites towards the Indians have probably been rendered more bitter, and their fears more highly excited, in consequence of the system of blood revenge common to all warlike

and uncivilised nations being in full force with them. Yet on many occasions ingenious devices are practised to mitigate its ferocity. It is common for the victim to be saved by adoption into the family who has sustained the loss, fulfilling in his person the duties of the slain. Instances have occurred where the devoted has been carried off from the stake; and such actions being looked upon as of divine inspiration, pursuit is never attempted. We cannot help transcribing a most singular anecdote relating to this subject, given by Mr. Stone. Mr. Dean, a white man, well known as an Indian missionary and interpreter, was residing with the Oneidas, who had adopted him into their tribe, and granted him a tract of land, when it happened that an Indian was murdered by some unknown white man, who escaped. Thereupon, the chiefs held council, and, after much deliberation, came to the determination that Dean should be sacrificed to atone for the murder. One night eighteen of the chiefs came down to his house, and awoke him with the death-whoop. Dean, who had been forewarned of their consultations, and would have fled before, but for the difficulty of conveying his wife and children, rose, and bidding them remain quiet in the inner room, went out to meet the Indians. The senior chief informed him that they had come to take his life, as a sacrifice for the murder of their brother. Dean rejoined, and pleaded his adoption. The whole party debated the matter with great gravity, and for a long period. "At length," says Mr. Stone, "he had nearly abandoned himself to the doom they had resolved upon, when he heard the pattering of a footstep without the door. All eyes were fixed upon the door. It opened, and a squaw entered. She was the wife of the senior chief; and at the time of Mr. Dean's adoption into the tribe in his boyhood, she had taken him as her son. The entrance of a woman into a solemn council was, by Indian etiquette, at war with all propriety. She, however, took her place near the door, and all looked on in silence. A moment after, another footstep was heard, and another Indian woman entered the council. This was a sister of the former, and she, too, was the wife of a chief then present. Another pause ensued, and a third entered. Each of the three stood wrapped closely in her blanket, but said nothing. At length the presiding chief addressed them, telling them to begone, and leave the chiefs to go on with their business. The wife replied, that the council must change their determination, and let the good white man—their friend—their own adopted son—alone. The command to begone was repeated; when each of the Indian women threw off her blanket, and showed a knife in her extended hand, and declared that if one hair of the white man's head was touched, they would bury their knives in their own hearts. The strangeness of the whole scene overwhelmed with amazement each member of the council, and regarding the unheard-of resolution of the women to interfere in the matter as a sort of manifestation of the will of the Great Spirit that the white man's life should not be taken, their previous decree was reversed on the spot, and the life of their intended victim preserved."

While we cannot doubt that white men are destined to carry civilisation into the countries at present occupied by the wild inhabitants of the prairie or the forest, yet no reasoning Christian can believe that God created Indians and negroes merely to be persecuted and exterminated by the white men. It follows then, that a wrong course has been pursued in the intercourse between the two, and the root of the evil we believe to exist in the repugnance the white man entertains to admit for a moment that his coloured brother can ever be his equal. He drives him away, instead of pressing him to his bosom. Remove this crying evil. Let the whites banish their disgraceful antipathy to the coloured races; place them in society, and under the protection of the law as equals, not dependants, and they will, in real civilisation, forget blood revenge, and cease to be savages.

This subject is of vast political importance, especially to us in the present state of our colonies. If, for instance, by any such mismanagement as produces war with Indians and Caffres, a war should arise between the Whites and New Zealanders, a conflict within such comparatively narrow limits must be attended with most disastrous results. We do not pretend to enter into any extended argument or detail; such would be unsuited to our columns. We have only attempted to lay down a broad principle, which we believe to be well founded. To carry it into practice may probably be very difficult. But the opposite course is proved to be attended both by difficulty and crime.

In an early number we shall return to the subject of the North American Indians, touching upon their peculiarities, supposed origin, customs, &c.

THE GHOST-BOOK.

BY MISS LESLIE.

"What yonder rings—what yonder sings?—
It is the owl gray."—SCOTT.

ONE Saturday afternoon, on a cool pleasant day, such as sometimes chances to occur even in an American August, a country boy named Caleb Rowan came to the fence that separated his father's farm from that of Barzillai Brooks, whose two sons were sitting under the magnolias that shaded a running stream, and were hard at work with knives and sticks, making traps for the musk-rats that burrowed in the bank.

"Come here, Harman," said Caleb; "come here, Stacey. I've something to show you, such as you never saw before in all your born days."

"As you are but one, and we are two," replied Harman, "I guess it will be quite as easy for you to get over the fence and come to us. But what have you got—a double plum, or some gingerbread of a new pattern?"

"Neither one nor t'other," answered Caleb, jumping over the fence, "but something pretty near as good, I can tell you. Think of my having a *written* book in my pocket! Maybe you don't know that books must always be writ before they're printed."

"Yes we do," exclaimed both the brothers, "we've known that all our lives."

"Possible!" ejaculated Caleb, looking somewhat surprised, "now that must be nateral smartness! For my part, when I was a little fellow, I remember supposing that the printers made all the books as they went along; that is, they thought of a word and printed it down, and then they thought of another word and printed that down, and so on till they got a whole book-full. To be sure, there's no doubt that of all men, printers must be the sensiblest; seeing how much learning they put out."

"I don't know," said Stacey "the last time I attended market with father, we put up at the Black Bear, and there was a printing-office right back of the tavern. I looked across at the windows, and saw the men at work; and they seemed to print it off so fast that I can't see how any of the sense could stick by them."

"But about this written book of Caleb's," said Harman, "let me see it in my own hands."

Caleb Rowan then slowly drew from his pocket a manuscript volume in a reddish paste-board cover. Some of its pages were torn out, and those that remained were much disfigured with blots and interlineations. "Where did you get this book?" inquired Harman, turning over the leaves.

"I was rummaging about in the kitchen loft, as I often do," replied Caleb, "among the old boxes, and things that are of no manner of use, only mother thinks it a shame to throw them away."

"I know the place," said Stacey, "I've been there with you in the dark low corner, among the tea-pots without spouts, and the coffee-pots without handles, and the split cullenders, and the ragged sieves."

"Well, no matter," pursued Caleb, "I took a notion to scramble among the old papers that were heaped up in the broken churn that Peggy Poundage thumped the bottom out of, one cold day when the butter would not come. So I plunged my hand in among them, as far down as it would go, thinking I might fish up an old almanack that would have some good reading in it, (such as new ways of making huckleberry puddin' or punkin pie,) and there I found this book; and though it's wrote so bad that I could only make out a few words here and there, I had wit enough to see that it's mostly about ghosts, and sperits, and apparations."

"Well, now, to me," said Harman, "the writing is not bad at all—it's a most as plain as print. So let's go to the old stable, where we can be to ourselves, and I'll read it out loud to you. And there's David Gleason, just getting over the fence. He has come to spend his Saturday afternoon with us—so we'll take him along and let him hear the ghost-book. David's the scariest boy I know, so it will just suit him. I've seen his face turn as white as his hair, when we've been talking of such things."

David Gleason now joined the three other boys, and gladly assented to the proposed pleasure—so towards the old stable they

proceeded, and Caleb Rowan said on the way:—"To be sure I never was a good hand at reading books I a'n't used to; 'specially them that's in writing—but I want very bad to hear what's in this'n, and father and mother and cousin Polly mus'n't know nothing about it, or they will take it away, and say it will make me as much afraid to go to bed as David Gleason is."

At this innuendo poor David "looked more in sorrow than in anger."

"I guess I know who writ this book," said Harman. "I'm a judge of writing, and it looks just like the hand of Master Orrin Loomis, that kept school here the year the painter came."

"What painter?" asked David,—"I didn't know there was any in these parts now-a-days. I never saw a wild beast that was bigger than a fox."

"Pho!" said Harman, "don't you know there are two sorts of painters, four-legged and two-legged? Them that are wild things with four legs, spell their names *pantler*. Can't you remember the limer-man that came out here from town, and went all through the country taking likenesses at two dollars a-head, and found? He could touch off one and a half a week; and grandmother said he must be coining money, considering he was only a painter; and that a stout hand in the harvest-field gets no more. But father thought he worked pretty hard for his pay, 'specially when he painted the women, who always put on so many fandangles to go in the picture with; though to be sure he charged more when he took them with anything in their hand—sixpence for a peach, and ninnepence for a rose."

"There were some that thought the painter persuaded Orrin Loomis away," said Caleb, "for they seemed to suit mighty well, and got to be great friends; and they went off the very day that the master was paid his last quarter-money. Ours was the last house he stayed at. You ha'n't forgot Master Loomis—have you, David?"

"To be sure I ha'n't," replied David, summoning a little confidence, "everybody always talks to me as if I was simple. I an't quite such a fool as to disremember any of my schoolmasters—though Orrin Loomis did not take a very long turn at our house. I'm sure I've heard mother and the neighbour-women talk enough about him—he was not a bit like other people."

"Orrin's the very man that writ this book," said Caleb Rowan. "Haven't I known him write poetry verses; and didn't he sit at the table one evening a-doing something he called a cross-stitch for cousin Polly, and when it was done it spelt her name all down one side in big letters. David's made a good observation for once—Master Loomis was not a bit like other people."

"No more was the painter-man," said Harman, "but still I liked them both; and when they were talking together I used to think I could sit and listen to them all night, and never get sleepy."

"As to Master Loomis," pursued David, emboldened by the praise awarded to his observation, "I've heard the neighbour-women say that wherever he boarded it seemed as if they could not help giving him the best bed-room, and using him like a gentleman, and not expecting him to wash at the pump. I heard mother telling Susan Wonderly, that, after our best room, that nobody ever sleeps in, was fixed for Master Loomis, she warned him that strange noises had been heard there at night in the dark closet by the head of the bed, and that she couldn't answer for it, that something frightful wouldn't come out of the closet-door. And he laughed, and said he liked the room the better for being haunted, and that he would promise when the ghost came to take it peaceably, and make no noise to disturb the family. But mother made him give his word that if he *did* see anything, he was never to mention it to anybody breathing. And so after that, there was no getting out of him whether he had seen anything or not, for he always said he had given his word not to tell. But there were them that thought he *did* see something, and more than once too."

"Well," replied Harman, "my father seems to think there a'n't no such persons as ghosts, and he won't allow nobody to talk about them; though, to be sure, they are what everybody likes to hear of. For my part, I think I could stand a spirit as well as anything else, (even if I was to see one), for it's not easy to frighten me anyway—nor never was."

"Now, Harman," said Stacey, "don't brag too much. You know when we were little fellows, and Dutch Teeny lived with us, and you and I used to slip out to her of evenings, and sit on the steps at the back door, and hear her tell about things that had been seen in Germany—nobody could creep closer or hold faster to her than you did; and often when it was quite dark, and I went

to hide my head under her apron, I found yours there already, and you quite as cold and trembling as I was."

"I don't believe," rejoined David, "that Dutch Teeny could tell you any worse than I and my sisters was told by Black Katy, when she talked to us of the things that kept about her old mistress's plantation in Virginy. Well, Master Loomis never mentioned witches and ghosts to us; but I've heard mother and the neighbour-women say that there was certainly something strange about him, for he often seemed as if he were seeking for spirits to appear. When he boarded at our house he used to go off after supper, and rove about in the dark woods where the dead Indians walk; and in moonlight nights he would often stroll to grave-yards all alone by himself, and he has been known even to sit on graves. I dare say that book is full of his own written-down experience of the spirits he has met with."

The four comrades had now reached the ruinous and deserted stable, which was long since superseded by a better one, adjoining the new barn. The floor of the old stable had been several times cleaned up by the boys, and they had furnished it with slabs by way of seats. It was now the favourite rendezvous of Harman and Stacey Brooks, and their neighbouring companions, for confabulations and other amusements.

Harman having seated himself on one of the slabs, his comrades, with earnest faces, placed themselves near him to listen to the ghost-book, while the shadowy light of the afternoon sun streamed in at a large aperture in the dismantled roof.

"If Master Loomis has put a moral at the fore part," said Stacey, "just pass it over, and get on at once with the story."

"You needn't tell me that," replied Harman; "but the beginning of this book seems to be tore out, for the first leaf has the figure of five on its corner; and if much of the story is missing, it will be pretty hard to make sense of the rest."

"Any how we can but try," observed Caleb Rowan, "half a loaf's better than no bread."

Harman Brooks cleared his throat three times, (his audience sympathetically repeating the ceremony,) and having cleared his vision also by rubbing his hand over his forehead and eyes, he made a commencement of the manuscript, in a slow and sonorous voice, more remarkable for its power than its modulation.

"It was now the third night of my residence in my new abode. On the two first I had slept soundly till morning, notwithstanding the mysterious closet with the nailed-up door, and the hints of my hostess that I might possibly be disturbed by unaccountable visitants. The third night came, and though I had sat talking in the porch with the family till an unusually late hour for the habits of a farm-house, I felt no inclination to sleep on retiring to my room. After taking off my jacket, I seated myself at the open window, where a soft breeze blew refreshingly upon my forehead, and I looked out upon the moonlight, and meditated on my childhood's home in the green mountains of Vermont, and upon the wayward destiny which had compelled me to begin the world in the humble capacity of a country schoolmaster. The scene from my window reminded me of one I had long been familiar with from the back of my father's house. There was the narrow valley through which a stream ran murmuring over a bed of stones, its mimic cascades glittering in the moonbeams, 'that tipped with silver all the fruit-tree tops' of the old orchard on the hill-side; and beyond rose the dark forest that is always one feature in the scenery of our country. Lost in contemplation of the past and the present, drowsiness insensibly stole upon me—my perceptions became indistinct; and, reclining my head on the broad ledge of the casement, I unconsciously sunk into a slumber.

"I know not how long I slept, but I awoke suddenly; and it seemed to me that something was leaning over my shoulder, with its face close to mine. I started and turned my head. There was nothing near me. 'It must have been the commencement of a dream,' thought I. Feeling that a chill had crept upon me, which I was willing to impute to sleeping in the open window, I concluded to go immediately to bed; but, on casting my eyes towards the closet, I found that the door was partly open, rather more so than what is understood by the term ajar. This much surprised me, and caused me to suppose that it could not have been really nailed up, or that the nails not being driven securely, it had burst open by accident. The moon was now high in heaven, and poured her beams directly in at the window, so that I could see every object distinctly. Determined to examine the contents of the closet, (which was large, deep, and ran far under a staircase,) I approached it, and attempted to open the door wider. To my amazement I could not move it, either to shut or to open, farther

than I found it. There seemed to be something holding it on the inside; yet, as curiosity overpowered every other feeling, I looked in as far as I could, and saw only a dark void; I put in my hand and felt all about, but nothing met my touch.

"Still, I was more perplexed than terrified; and, but for the fear of alarming the family, I would have gone down stairs to obtain a light, and endeavour to discover who or what was in the closet. Wearied with conjecture, I lay down in the bed, but it was only to think over all I had ever heard of the return of apparitions from the world of spirits. I found it impossible to go to sleep. I could not withdraw my eyes from the closet-door, expecting every moment to see something issue from it; and I watched till the setting of the moon left the room in obscurity. But in a clear American night the darkness is never so intense as to make it impossible, with the assistance of an open window, to have some idea of the position of whatever objects may be in the apartment. While thus I lay awake and musing, something passed before me, and seemed to go into the dark closet. 'Is it possible,' thought I, 'that this being, whatever it may be, has been in the room with me, and about me all night, without my seeing it?'

"The dark hour which precedes the first indications of day-break seemed to linger on immeasurably. I looked towards the window, and I thought the morning would never come. At last I perceived that the stars were fading in the dim gray atmosphere of early dawn. I turned my eyes again towards the closet, and there was light enough for me to see that the door was shut. I rose to examine it, and found it nailed fast."

"It is our house!—it is our closet!—and I will never go to bed again!" exclaimed David Gleason, his utterance hoarse and broken with terror, and his face looking paler every moment.

"David, don't interrupt me," said Harman Brooks, in a somewhat tremulous voice, "there is considerable to read yet, and I want to get through before dark." He then proceeded as follows, first remarking that just in this place a leaf was missing.

"While the family were finishing their breakfast, I took an opportunity (having hurried through mine) to get a claw-hammer, and take it into my room to draw out the nails from the door of the closet, which I then entered. Even in broad daylight it was gloomy, and the low deep recess running under the stairs was quite dark. Having brought with me a lighted candle, I examined the place to its utmost corner, but found nothing; all its tangible contents, even to the shelves and pegs, having evidently been removed before the door was nailed up. But the floor and a part of the wall were certainly splashed with something that looked like blood.

"I blew out the candle, replaced the nail, and went about the business of the day as usual; though, I must confess, my thoughts dwelt much on the preceding night, and on the night that was to come. I resolved on burning a light, and sitting up till morning. For this purpose I placed myself at my table with a book, though in too much perturbation to comprehend much of its contents. Still I read, and pondered, and gazed around during two long hours, and then, on consulting my watch for the twentieth time, I found it was exactly twelve. At that moment my lamp went out, and I hastened to bed by the light of the moon, where sleep soon overcame me, and I slumbered undisturbed till sunrise. To be brief, a week passed on, the door of the dark closet remained fast, and I had no further molestation from my shadowy visitor.

"By cautiously leading to the subject when no others of the family were near, I learned from the worthy farmer who was my present host—"

"He means father," interrupted David Gleason.

"Hush, David," said Harman Brooks—"to be sure he does; it's your house, and no other, that he found ha'nted—that's as clear as preachin'—but where was I? Oh! here's the place—"

"I learned from the worthy farmer who was my present host, that there was a tradition of a murder having been committed somewhere in the neighbourhood about fifty or sixty years before he came to live in it; but that as all the people who resided there at that time were either dead or gone off to the new settlements, or had been little children at the eventful period, the story, never a very clear one, was now so involved in obscurity, from the contradictions and discrepancies which had gathered about it, that nobody could exactly tell in which house the murder had taken place, who the sufferer was, or where the body had been interred. No one was willing to acknowledge openly that their house was haunted, and yet it was whispered that at times in several of the neighbouring dwellings, and indeed in the country round, sounds were heard and sights were seen. At all events there seemed to be a general impression that there had been a murder, and that there was a

ghost. With regard to the dark closet, my host informed me that he had found it nailed up when he first came into possession of the house; and that it had been judged best to allow it to remain so, particularly as it could be dispensed with for use, there being another closet beside the fire-place and facing the window, smaller it is true, but light and cheerful-looking. As no member of the family liked to sleep in this room, it was appropriated to strangers, none of whom had ever made any complaint about it.

"I now felt a presentiment that it was my destiny to unravel the history of this mysterious murder; and my mind became filled with images of death, and with conjectures on the possibility of disembodied spirits continuing to linger about the precincts of the living world. Often, after night, I found a strange pleasure in rambling alone through the dark woods; and once the steps of some unknown being appeared to follow fast at my back; and when at last I turned my head to see what it was, I found it no longer behind me, but close at my side. Its figure was shrouded in something of indistinct form; and of what seemed its face I could distinguish no feature but eyes, such as I dared not look on for an instant. I hurried through the wood-path, the thing still walking beside me. When I gained an opening in the forest, it was no longer there.

"Sometimes the state of strange excitement in which I found myself led me to visit 'the lone churchyard.' Was it imagination, that one night, when the moon was shining down on the graves, and on the few old trees that shaded them, I saw a ghostly figure in the white habiliments of the dead, leaning its elbows on one of the tall tombstones; its pallid face resting on its hands, and looking like marble in the moonlight; and its hollow eyes gazing steadfastly upon me? My first impulse was to run away in horror, but after a few steps I paused and rallied my courage to turn back and approach the apparition. I did so, and as I advanced it seemed to go down into the grave. When I came to the place—there was nothing.

A fortnight passed, and encountering no farther disturbance from the closet in my room, I had ceased to anticipate it, and retired always to my bed, as if certain of sleeping unmolested till morning. At last, one night, after a slumber of several hours, I awoke suddenly with a feeling that there was something in the room. The moon had gone down, and there was no light but that of the stars. Habitually I turned my head towards the haunted closet, and I beheld, with strange distinctness, a face impressed with the awful lineaments of death, looking frightfully out upon me from the half-open door; the rest of the figure being gradually lost in obscurity, except a pale thin hand which was raised as if to beckon me into the gloom. I sat up in my bed, and fixed my eyes upon it. Its gaze was steadfast, thrilling, and unearthly. I felt my blood run cold, and my hair erect itself on my head. Now, indeed, was I terrified. I essayed to speak, but the words died on my lips. I closed my eyes to shut out the appalling vision, and sunk back on my pillow, where I lay and trembled for perhaps an hour. At length I could not refrain from opening my eyes again, for I seemed to feel that it had come out of the closet, and was very near me. There it was, sitting on my bed—close to me—the ghostly inhabitant of the grave—the being of another world—its dead eyes looking earnestly into mine. I could endure no more—I covered my head, and lay shaking with terror. I know not how long, and vainly trying to reason myself into a more courageous frame of mind. When I again ventured to raise my head, the spectre was not there; and on looking round I gladly saw from my window the morning star, outshining all the jewels of the eastern firmament, and heralding the welcome approach of day.

"The day, when it came, brought with it an additional cause of joy, for it was to be the last in the term of my present residence; in which, however, I had resolved that nothing should induce me to pass another night. Still, as, according to arrangement, I was to remove that evening to take my turn of boarding at the next farm, I persevered in refraining to give my worthy host and his kind family the slightest hint of the apparition that had haunted my apartment. After school I removed to my next quarters, a gay, cheerful, new house, which, as yet, had never been visited by death or suffering."

"That must be our house," said Stacey Brooks, "David Gleason, don't you remember that Master Loomis came straight from your house to ours?"

David Gleason, gradually overcome with horror at the idea of the haunted closet being within the walls of his own dwelling, was now incapable of remembering anything else: and he merely stared at Stacey Brooks, and made no reply.

"I remember, very well," said Caleb Rowan, "that from

your house, Stacey, he came to ours; and that was his last; for as soon as his time was out, he went away with the painter-man, leaving a whole hearth-full of old papers in the chimney-place of his room;—and that bit of a book must have been among the rest of the rubbish—but go on, Harman—though I'm a'most afraid to hear the rest."

"There are some more leaves out here," said Harman, "however, I'll go on with what there is:—"

"On the premises of my new host were the remains of an old structure which had been used as a stable at the time of the old house, some vestiges of which were yet apparent in its immediate vicinity. All the new buildings had been erected on the other side of the farm; and though it stood near the road-side, and the trees had grown up about it, the ancient stable had a remote and lonely aspect. [The boys looked at each other.] One Saturday afternoon I had retired to this place to enjoy uninterruptedly a new book, and twilight came upon me before I was aware. Desirous of finishing it, I held up the volume so as to catch the last gleam of light as it came faint and gray through a chasm in the roof. [The boys all looked towards the chasm.] My whole attention was absorbed in the concluding pages of my book; and when I could read no more, I sat with it open in my hand, and pondered on its contents till the gloom of night gathered fast around me. Suddenly I was startled by a strange and unearthly sound that seemed to proceed from a dark corner behind me. I listened—and I heard it again—but it seemed nearer than before. And now I must pause till I gain nerve to relate what followed—for the cold damp is settling on my brow—the pen is trembling in my hand as I write—the horrors of my story are coming on."

Affrighted at his own reading, the voice of Harman Brooks now became inaudible. The face of poor David Gleason, which had been turning every moment paler, looked blue round the mouth and eyes; and the two other boys gazed at each other with dilated orbs and parted lips. "We had better go home," said Stacey, looking fearfully round, "this is the very place—the very stable."

Just then three knocks were heard at the door, and answered by a start and a cry of terror from all the boys. The latch was heavily lifted, and the cry became a scream as they all sprang backward and huddled together, falling on each other.—"Boys!—boys!—what are you afraid of?" exclaimed the voice of their former schoolmaster, Orrin Loomis.

"It is his spirit!" cried Caleb Rowan, "it is his spirit—he is dead—and he has come for his book!"

Mr. Loomis had some difficulty in convincing his quondam pupils that it was himself in flesh and blood; and great was their joy at seeing him again as a living man. Our limits will only allow us space to inform our readers that on leaving the neighbourhood to seek for a better fortune in one of the large cities, he had been so successful as to obtain a large and profitable school. He continued to prosper, and he had recently been appointed to a professorship in one of the western colleges. He was now on his way thither, and had gone a little out of his road for the purpose of spending a day or two among his old friends in this part of the country. On passing the ancient stable, he was struck with the voice of Harman Brooks reading something which he soon recognised as the rough copy of a tale, in writing which he had amused some of his leisure hours, intending it for one of the periodicals of the day; but accidentally losing the fair copy afterwards, it had never been given to the public. So, tying his horse to a tree, he had come upon the boys as before related. And greatly indeed were they relieved and delighted when he convinced them that the whole narrative of what they called the ghost-book was an entire fiction; nothing concerning the supposed apparitions having ever existed except in his own invention.

All the four boys accompanied Mr. Loomis to the house of Barzillai Brooks, the father of Harman and Stacey, where he was received by the family with great cordiality. He passed the evening there, and took occasion to discourse so sensibly on the absurdity of believing in the return of departed spirits, that every boy felt as if he could never again entertain the slightest apprehension of seeing a ghost. To make all sure with David Gleason, Mr. Loomis kindly volunteered to go home with him, and to sleep quietly that night in his old chamber with the memorable closet. And this feat he accomplished to the satisfaction of the whole household; first drawing out the nails in their presence, then entering its deep recess, and staying there alone more than ten minutes; and lastly setting the door wide open for the night.

He took care, however, before he pursued his journey, to have the ghost-book restored to him.

THE FORLORN HOPE.

THE following account of an unsuccessful attempt to storm the strong fort of Bhurtpore, in the East Indies, is extracted from the Memoirs of John Shipp, an extraordinary man who twice raised himself from the ranks by good conduct and acts of daring courage. He led the forlorn hope on three several occasions against Bhurtpore; and he thus relates the circumstances attending the first attack:—

"I have heard some men say that they would as soon fight as eat their breakfasts, and others, that they 'dearly loved fighting.' If this were true, what blood-thirsty dogs they must be! But I should be almost illiberal enough to suspect these boasters of not possessing even ordinary courage. I will not, however, go so far as positively to assert this, but will content myself by asking these terrific soldiers to account to me why, some hours previously to storming a fort, or fighting a battle, are men pensive, thoughtful, heavy, restless, weighed down with apparent solicitude and care? Why do men on these occasions more fervently beseech the divine protection and guidance to save them in the approaching conflict? Are not all these feelings the result of reflection, and of man's regard for his dearest care—his life, which no mortal will part with if he can avoid it? There are periods in war which put man's courage to a severe test: if, for instance, as was my case, I knew I was to lead a forlorn hope on the following evening, innumerable ideas will rush in quick succession on the mind; such as, 'for aught my poor and narrow comprehension can tell, I may to-morrow be summoned before my Maker.' 'How have I spent the life he has been pleased to preserve to this period? can I meet that just tribunal?' A man, situated as I have supposed, who did not, even amid the cannon's roar and the din of war, experience anxieties approaching to what I have described, may, by possibility, have the courage of a lion, but he cannot possess the feelings of a man. In action man is quite another being: the softer feelings of the roused heart are absorbed in the vortex of danger and the necessity for self-preservation, and give place to others more adapted to the occasion. In these moments there is an indescribable elation of spirits; the soul rises above its wonted serenity into a kind of frenzied apathy to the scene before you, a heroism bordering on ferocity; the nerves become tight and contracted; the eye full and open, moving quickly in its socket, with almost maniac wildness; the head is in constant motion; the nostril extended wide; and the mouth apparently gasping. If an artist could truly delineate the features of a soldier in the battle's heat, and compare them with the lineaments of the same man in the peaceful calm of domestic life, they would be found to be two different portraits:—but a sketch of this kind is not within the power of art, for in action the countenance varies with the battle; as the battle brightens, so does the countenance; and, as it lowers, so the countenance becomes gloomy. I have known some men drink enormous quantities of spirituous liquors when going into action, to drive away little intruding thoughts, and to create false spirits; but these are as short-lived as the ephemera that struggles but a moment on the crystal stream,—then dies. If a man have not natural courage, he may rest assured that liquor will deaden and destroy the little he may possess.

"I slept soundly, and early in the morning commenced cleaning and new-flinting my musket, and pointing my bayonet, that it might find its way through the thick cotton-stuffed coats of our enemies. All Mussulmen soldiers wear these coats during winter. The cotton is about two inches thick, and the coats are worn rather loose, so that you can with difficulty cut through them; and I am persuaded that many of them are ball-proof, and that bayonets and spears are the only weapons against them. In the course of the day I walked down to the batteries, to well ascertain the road I had to take to the breaches. Our batteries continued, with unabated exertions, to knock off the defences; and every thing, from appearances, seemed calculated to insure complete success. My heart was all alive this day, and I wished for the sombre garments of night. This was the 9th day of January, 1805. The greatest secrecy was observed as to the storming party; no general orders were issued, nor was there any stir or bustle till the hour appointed,—nine o'clock. Orders and arrangements were communicated to officers commanding regiments and companies, and in the same private manner conveyed to us. The gun fired as usual at eight o'clock. This was the signal to move out. I kissed and took leave of my favourite pony Apple, and dog Wolf; and I went to my post at the head of the column, with my little band of heroes, twelve volunteers from the different corps

of the army. Reader, you may believe me when I assure you, that at this critical juncture, everything else was forgotten in the enthusiasm of the moment, except the contemplation of the honourable post confided to me. 'What!' thought I, 'I, a youth, at the head of an Indian army?' I began to think it presumption, when so many more experienced soldiers filled the ranks behind. I thought that every eye was upon me, and I did not regret the pitchy darkness of the night, which hid my blushing countenance. All was still as the grave, when I distinctly heard somebody call, 'Sergeant Shipp!' This was Lieut.-Colonel Salkeld, adjutant-general of the army, who brought with him a gollandauze, who had deserted from the fort, and who, for filthy lucre, was willing to betray his countrymen. This man was handed over to me, he having undertaken to lead me to the breach. If he attempted to deceive me, or to run from me, I had positive orders to shoot him; consequently, I kept a sharp look-out on him. We then, in solemn silence, marched down to the trenches, and remained there about half an hour, when we marched to the attack in open columns of sections,—the two flank companies of the 22nd leading, supported by the 75th and 76th European regiments, and other native infantry. I took the precaution of tying a rope round the wrist of my guide, that he might not escape; for firing at him at that moment would have alarmed the fort. Not a word was to be heard; but the cannon's rattling drowned many a deep-drawn sigh, from many as brave a heart.

"I was well supported, having my own two companies behind me. Colonel Maitland, of his Majesty's 76th Regiment, commanded this storming party, and brave little Major Archibald Campbell his corps. The former officer came in front to me, and pointed out the road to glory; but, observing the Native whom I had in charge, he asked who he was, and, on being informed, said, 'We can find the way without him; let him go about his business.' I remonstrated, and repeated to him the instructions I had received; but his answer was, 'I don't care; if you don't obey my orders, I will send you to the rear.' I did obey, and on we moved to the attack. Immediately behind me were pioneers, carrying gabions and fascines to fill up any cavities we might meet with. The enemy did not discover our approach till within fifty paces of the ditch, when a tremendous cannonade and peals of musketry commenced; rockets were flying in all directions; blue lights were hoisted; and the fort seemed convulsed to its very foundation. Its ramparts seemed like some great volcano vomiting tremendous volumes of fiery matter; the roaring of the great guns shook the earth beneath our feet; their small arms seemed like the rolling of ten thousand drums; and their war-trumpets rent the air asunder. Men were seen skipping along the lighted ramparts, as busy as emmets collecting stores for the dreary days of winter. The scene was awfully grand, and must have been sublimely beautiful to the distant spectator.

"We pushed on at speed; but were soon obliged to halt. A ditch, about twenty yards wide, and four or five deep, branched off from the main trench. This ditch formed a small island, on which were posted a strong party of the enemy, with two guns. Their fire was well directed, and the front of our column suffered severely. The fascines and gabions were thrown in; but they were as a drop of water in the mighty deep. The fire became hotter, and my little band of heroes plunged into the water, followed by our two companies, and part of the 75th Regiment. The middle of the column broke off, and got too far down to the left; but we soon cleared the little island. At this time Colonel Maitland and Major Campbell joined me, with our brave officers of the two companies, and many of the other corps. I proposed following the fugitives; but our duty was to gain the breach, our orders being confined to that object. We did gain it; but imagine our surprise and consternation, when we found a perpendicular curtain going down to the water's edge, and no footing, except on pieces of trees and stones that had fallen from above. This could not bear more than three men abreast, and if they slipped (which many did), a watery grave awaited them, for the water was extremely deep here. Close on our right was a large bastion, which the enemy had judiciously hung with dead underwood. This was fired, and it threw such a light upon the breach, that it was as clear as noonday. They soon got guns to bear on us, and the first shot (which was grape) shot Colonel Maitland dead, wounded Major Campbell in the hip or leg, me in the right shoulder, and completely cleared the remaining few of my little party. We had at that moment reached the top of the breach, not more (as I before stated) than three abreast, when we found that the enemy had completely repaired that part, by driving in large pieces of wood, stakes, stones, bushes, and pointed bamboos, through the

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crevices of which was a mass of spears jobbing diagonally, which seemed to move by mechanism. Such was the footing we had, that it was utterly impossible to approach these formidable weapons; meantime, small spears or darts were hurled at us; and stones, lumps of wood, stink-pots, and bundles of lighted straw, thrown upon us. In the midst of this tumult, I got one of my legs through a hole, so that I could see into the interior of the fort. The people were like a swarm of bees. In a moment I felt something seize my foot: I pulled with all my might, and at last succeeded in disengaging my leg, but leaving my boot behind me. Our establishing ourselves on this breach in sufficient force to dislodge this mass of spearsmen was physically impossible. Our poor fellows were mowed down like corn-fields, without the slightest hope of success. The rear of the column suffered much, as they were within range of the enemy's shot. A retreat was ordered, and we were again obliged to take to the water; and many a poor wounded soldier lost his life in this attempt. Not one of our officers escaped without being wounded, and Lieutenant Cresswell was almost cut to pieces. He, I believe, still lives in England; and, should this little history fall into his hands, he will read these events with as much regret as the narrator writes them. We, as may be supposed, returned almost broken-hearted at this our first failure in India. Our loss was a melancholy one, and the conviction that the poor wounded fellows we were compelled to leave behind would be barbarously massacred, incited our brave boys to beg a second attempt. This was denied: had it been granted, it must infallibly have proved abortive; for there was, literally, *no breach*. The disastrous issue of our attack caused the enemy to exult exceedingly; and the shouting and roaring that followed our retreat were daggers in the souls of our wounded and disappointed soldiers, who were with difficulty restrained from again rushing to the breach. I found that I had received a spear-wound in the right finger, and several little scratches from the combustibles they fired at us. Pieces of copper coin, as well as of iron, stone, and glass, were extracted from the wounds of those who were fortunate enough to escape. We were in the course of the night relieved, and went to our lines to brood over our misfortunes."

THE EIDER DUCK.

THE principal spots in Faxæfiord (in Iceland) on which they breed are Vidoe and Engoe, two pleasant islands in sight of Keikiavik; a third and smaller one, called Ephersoe, would also be tenanted by these birds, were it not at low water accessible to foxes and dogs by a reef, which is dry at spring tides, and forms the principal protection to the harbour.

Vidoe is interesting as being the place from whence all the literature of the country is disseminated, for it contains the only printing-press now existing in Iceland.

The whole of the hill to the west was strewn with nests of ducks. So much do these interesting birds feel their security at Vidoe, that five of them had chosen as their location the ground under a narrow bench that runs along the windows of the house; and so perfectly fearless were they, that without moving away they would peck at the hand that disturbed them. The rising ground is particularly favourable for the birds to build on, being covered with hollows and inequalities that serve to protect them from the weather, and only requires the addition of down to convert them into nests. The drakes are easily known by their white and black plumage; but the dark hue of the females makes it difficult to distinguish them from the holes in which they sit. Owing to their lying close, I have frequently trodden on them without their warning me of their presence till the mischief was done. The drakes, though by no means wild, will not allow themselves to be handled as freely as the ducks, and mostly keep together on the top of the hill.

As soon as a nest is completed, it is usual to remove the greater part of the down while the bird is away feeding; and this operation is repeated a second, and occasionally a third time. On her return the bird makes up the deficiency thus created by stripping her own breast; and when her stock is exhausted she calls on her mate to add his portion, which will bear no comparison to the sacrifice she has made. The same sort of spoliation is practised with regard to the eggs, care being taken that three or four are left; for should the bird on her return find the nest empty she will desert it, and not breed again the same season. About six, considerably larger than those of tame ducks, and of a light green colour, are found in each nest. Their flavour is very inferior to that of hens'

eggs, but they are not so strong as to prevent their being made into omelettes.

The average quantity of down obtained from these nests is half-a-pound, so mixed with grass and foreign matter that forty pounds in that state are reduced to fifteen after it has been thoroughly cleaned. Vidoe and Engoe together produce, I believe, about three hundred pounds' weight yearly, which would, if the above calculation is correct, make the number of ducks that come to these two places fall not far short of ten thousand every year. The number, however, that breed in Faxæfiord is small, compared to those that bend their course to Breidæfiord. The innumerable little islands that fill that bay afford ample shelter and security to Eider ducks, who seem to avoid nothing so much as any place accessible to foxes. These cunning animals are particularly fond of their eggs; but, though we will give them all credit for ingenuity in getting at them, we can hardly put much faith in the story told about them by the Danish travellers Olavson and Paulson. When, say they, the Icelandic foxes have detected any crows' eggs in an inaccessible place, they take one another's tails in their mouths, and form a string of sufficient length to reach the nest, and let one end of it over the rock. They have, however, forgotten to tell us how the eggs are passed up by these craftiest of Reynards.

The separation of the down from the grosser feathers and straws occupies the women during winter. It is then thoroughly divested of particles too minute for the hand to remove, by being heated in pans and winnowed like wheat. Should it become matted and dead, it is again subjected to a brisk heat, which restores its original elasticity, and increases its bulk. As in the case of ostriches, the down taken after death is inferior to that which the living duck tears from its breast, which prevents their destruction through wantonness. They are besides protected by the law, which punishes the shooting of them by a pecuniary penalty, and the forfeiture of the weapon used. Nor are guns allowed to be fired in the neighbourhood during their sojourn; and even the corvette that brought the prince abstained in the spring from saluting him.—*Dillon's Winter in Iceland and Lapland.*

MISER AND NO MISER.

WHEN Matthew Robinson of Horton, second Lord Rokeby, took possession of Horton (about 1745) he laid down a plan of life peculiar to himself. He resolved to be shackled by no ceremonies, but to pass his days in independence, according to what it seemed to him that nature had pointed out: he kept no carriage, he never mounted a horse, he allowed no liveries to his servants; but his housekeeping was bountiful, and his hospitality generous and large. He was a resolute and unbending whig, formed on the principles of Algernon Sydney and Locke, and he carried his arguments much farther than in those days the people were accustomed to. Accustomed to think only for himself, he sometimes indulged in crude ideas, and his style was inelegant and harsh. He carried his hatred of the artificial through everything; he took down his garden walls, and let his hedges drop, that his herds and flocks might have their full range. He hated the plough, and let his arable fields run to natural grass, so that his park became very large and picturesque merely by letting it alone: he was skilful in the management of cattle, and, as his land was rich, his stock was fat and profitable.

He had some strange notions about money, and rarely put it out at interest. He kept a sum of money in gold for above fifty years, in chests, in his house, which at compound interest would have accumulated to 100,000*l.*; and he had at his death above 20,000*l.* lying in the hands of different bankers, of which a great part had lain there for many years; he had also money in many of the continental banks. He had no faith in the public funds, and always predicted that they would break; a prediction which he contended was fulfilled when the bank was restricted from cash payments in 1797; yet it was not very reasonable to fear the national bank, and trust private banks. It must be admitted that he entertained some crochets in his head.

His clothes were plain to a degree that many would call mean; and latterly he let his white beard grow down to his waist. He was a great walker, and stalked along with his staff like an aged peasant. His voice was loud, but his manners were courteous; and he knew the world well. He was sagacious, manly, and uncompromising; he had a great contempt for provincial importance, and therefore was not in great favour with some of the neighbouring gentry, who knew not how to estimate that dignity of mind which despised those outward trappings of superiority on

which they prided themselves. By the yeomanry and peasantry he was adored as their protector and benefactor.

He was a great reader—but not works of imagination; his taste turned to politics, voyages, and travels. As he loved plainness, so he did not relish the more refined parts of literature. He was the reverse of his father, who was never happy out of the high and polished society and clubs of London, and thought a country life a perfect misery. The father and son were not very fond of one another, and each was angry at the other's taste.

In everything Lord Rokeby was manly and straightforward; he had no dark and hidden passion; he was free from the slightest taint of envy or jealousy; he was nobly generous, while he knew the full value of money—so much so as to appear to superficial observers miserly. His very simple and humble dress was mistaken by many for avarice.

When now and then some stranger of rank came into the country, and paid him a visit through curiosity, founded on the absurd rumours of his eccentricities and hermit-life, he was surprised to meet with a man, though singular in his dress, yet a man of the world in his manners and conversation; ready, acute, easy, and full of good sense, with a power of sarcastic dignity which put down the smallest attempt at impertinence or misapprehension.

He retained his faculties to the last; and I believe had enjoyed his earthly being altogether more than any other person I could name. He had an estate in Yorkshire as well as Kent, of which I do not know the exact extent, and of which he never raised the rents; and he might have died immensely rich in personal property if he had made interest of his money.—*Autobiography of Sir Egerton Brydges.*

THE DREAMER TO HIS DAUGHTER.

BY GEORGE FLETCHER, A COMPOSITOR.

BUT little of thy life, my child, is told;
The future lies before thee—a wild dream;
And, like a flower whose petals teem with gold,
Thy looks, hope-tinted, greet life's opening beam.
Reckless of sorrow, how thy sparkling eyes
In laughter flash—then, mild as even-calm:
Thy arms are round my neck; my world-wrung sighs
Die, as I feel thy sweet lips' honey-balm.
Thy voice's gentle music, as the call of Spring,
Steals o'er thy parent's ear like May-dew—freshening.

Wilt thou be beautiful in after years,
And fair as thy dear mother? Even now
Thy father feels a parent's darling fears,
To think that sin may shade that snowy brow.
Thy mother's smile, her eyes, her graceful neck,
And her light laugh, thou hast in thy young glee:
The unsealed book of Time thou dost not reck,
Although each page may bear a grief for thee.
I look through years, and see thy forehead fair,
And woman's looks of love flash 'neath thy lustrous hair.

Those speaking eyes—bright stars in Beauty's sky—
May flash (but, ah! I shudder at the dream)
With all that woman's love or fame can dye
A barque of crime launch'd forth on Folly's stream;
And Virtue pale with pity at thy name—
Dear child, thou'rt smiling in thy father's face:
Can guilt inhabit such a gentle frame,—
Or thy dear brow wear vice's fearful trace?
Why should I muse upon thine early morn?
A flower, unfolded now, thou art—a sun veil'd by the dawn.

Why should I muse? Thy father yet is young.
Perhaps for him there may be length of years.
Be his the task to woo, by deed and tongue,
Thy worship to the shrine chaste Virtue rears.
Oh, sweet the task! and richly overpaid,
To see thy virtue grow with growth of years:
A modest, meek, and unassuming maid—
The picture, fancy drawn, has woke my tears.
Thou *might* become all that my bursting heart
E'er fondly hoped—as good as fair thou art:

Perhaps, blest time, I may, in after days,
See thy dear children round me fondly come:
Thou the bright star; and those thy kindred rays—
The gentle love-light of a good man's home.
Perchance they'll climb their aged grandsire's knee;
And pat his cheek; and stroke his time-bleach'd hair.
I hear in fancy now their infant glee,
Or, with thy dulcet notes, blending, at vesper-prayer:
Thy husband's manly voice joining the swelling hymn:
Oh! such a scene is half divine—all portraiture is dim!

Then, sweet the thought, as life's dim shadow flies—
My eyes grow weak—my pulse wax faint and dull—
Thou and thy loving mate may watch my dying eyes,
Upturn'd to heaven—home of the beautiful!
And if that one, who gave thee life and love,
Shall stay behind me, from the tomb of death,
Then be thy joy a daughter's love to prove:
That hope shall cheer me—though my parting breath
May bless my wife, yet on thy dutious head,
With her sweet love will fall—a blessing of the dead.

My dream is o'er. Thy mighty will be done,
Eternal God!—all power, all fate, is thine!
Into thy care receive this gentle one;
And be the soul that haunts this infant shrine
As pure in after years, as now, without a sin,—
(For can she err till sin's dark power is given?)—
She clings about my neck, a father's love to win,
Felt only greater by her Sire in heaven.
Oh, in the human heart, the streams that lie
Of love, parental love, with life are only dry!

SUICIDE.

Killing oneself is but a false colour of true courage, proceeding of a fear of a farther evil, either of torment or of shame; for if it were not a hopeless respecting of the harm, courage would make one not respect what might be done unto one; and hope being of all other the most contrary to fear, self-killing being an utter banishment of hope, it seems to receive its ground in fear. Whatever comes out of despair cannot bear the title of valour, which should be lifted up to such a height that, holding all things under itself, it should be able to maintain its greatness, even in the midst of miseries. God has appointed us captains of these our bodily forts, which, without treason to that majesty, are never to be delivered over till they are demanded.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

EXTRACTION OF POPE PIUS VII.

A nobleman said, probably forgetting that Mr. Niebuhr himself was not descended from a noble family, "I understand the present pope is not even a man of family." "Oh, as for that," replied Mr. Niebuhr, with a smile, "I have been told that Christ himself was not a man of family; and St. Peter, if I recollect well, was but of very vulgar. Here, in Rome, we don't mind these things."—*Lieber's Reminiscences of Niebuhr.*

DU VAL, THE HIGHWAYMAN.

This hero having arrested the carriage of a certain knight and his lady, who he knew were travelling with 400*l.* in their possession, the lady, to show she felt no apprehension, began to play a tune with her flageolet. Du Val very decorously waited until she had finished, and then, being himself an excellent musician, took a flageolet which hung by his side, and played a tune in return; and afterwards stepped up to the carriage, and invited the lady to dance a *cavat* with him. So reasonable a request could not be refused; she descended, performed the dance, Du Val singing the tune, and was handed back by her partner to the carriage. He then reminded the knight that he had forgot to pay for the music; whereupon the courteous knight presented him with 100*l.*, which our hero politely accepted, telling him he would let him off with the other three hundred he had with him.

LOVE.

The two hands of Good-will are Loveliness and Lovingness.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

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